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Taber Free Press

VOL. 1, NO. 35 TABER, ALBERTA, THURSDAY, OCTOBER 17, 1907 $1.50 YEARLY

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Short Order house for travelling men
Meals and Lunches all the time

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Plastering Contractors
Estimates given for all classes of work in this line. All work done in a satisfactory manner

Notice ! !

Do You Know
Why you should buy land in Taber District, or lots in the Town of Taber?

Do You Know
What is coming to Taber and this District during the next eighteen months?

Ask Us
And we will tell you something that may interest you.

M. C. Knowles
LANDS
INVESTMENTS
At Royal Hotel, Taber, Alberta,
HEAD OFFICE:
Duluth Minnesota

JOE HOW
Restaurant
Hough Street, Taber.
Fruit,
Bakery,
Confectionery.
Open Night and Day

Don't Freeze Next Winter !
Call and see our lines of Cook Stoves, Ranges, and Heaters.
Hot Water and Hot Air Furnaces Installed.
Shiells The Tinner

Hard Times

FOR THE MAN WHO HAS BEEN KNOCKING THE COUNTRY.

The results of harvesting operations in Sunny Southern Alberta must make the pessimist who has been knocking the country feel as though he were the victim of a cruel joke. During each day of the week we have seen returns noted in the columns of the Press indicating that the anticipated failure of the crop on account of frost and unfavourable weather was far from realized. On the contrary, it is only necessary for one to pick up any Western newspaper [illegible] himself the yield in Southern Alberta is a record one and contradicts the malicious libels which knockers are circulating in those States from which Alberta derives not a few of her settlers. In fact, the frantic efforts which have been made to check the great exodus from the Western States are receiving severe blows as the crop reports are inspected.

The Literary Association

One of the evidences of the progressive spirit of the young people of Taber is to be found in the establishment of a Literary Association, the first meeting of which will be held on Friday evening in Knox Church. More than usual enthusiasm is being manifested in connection with the initial meeting, inasmuch as it is to take the form of a conundrum social. The very mention of the words "conundrum social" is the augury of a good time, and creates a suggestion of a style of fun that it something out of the ordinary, and these who will have the good fortune to attend will have their powers of guessing quickened, and their faculties for solving the intricate question of life will be more acute. A good program, consisting of solos by Miss Keely and Dr. Lang, choruses and an inaugural address by the President, will help the evening pass pleasantly: but the climax of satisfaction will be reached when the ladies minister to the hungry desires of those present. We understand the meeting will be open to all, and everyone is given a cordial invitation to be present.

◆

The Salvation Army has brought sixteen thousand immigrants to Canada this year.

Our Custom-Made Suits
Can't be beat for fit—can't be beat for wear. The collar and shoulders are the most conspicuous features of a coat. You want them right and you want them to stay right; that is where reliable workmanship counts. Order from us and feel the pleasure of knowing that your clothes are correct in every detail
A. Potter & Co.
Tailors, Clothiers and Outfitters
to men who know

Coal Mining by Electricity

THE CANADA WEST COAL COMPANY INTRODUCE ELECTRIC DRILLS.

Taber boasts of being the first place in Alberta where drills run by electricity are employed for cutting coal. On Tuesday the Canada West Coal Company started one of their drills, which is run by electricity, and cut out an entry in the remarkably short period of fourteen minutes. When one considers that it takes over an hour and a half for the ordinary machine to do this work the marvelousness of the experiment is considerably [illegible] Press representative was informed that in the near future five of these machines will be at work and will cut out about one hundred and fifty tons each per shift. Thus, when the mines are running full blast they will turn out over fifteen hundred tons per day.

◆

Big Yield

458 ACRES AT MAGRATH AVERAGED 55 BUSHELS PER ACRE.

(Southern Alberta News.)

George Heathershaw, of Magrath, had some phenomenal yields to tell of in his part of the country, when in the city yesterday.

"What will be the wheat average, taking the whole district?" he was asked.

"Forty-five bushels per acre," he replied.

"That is an enormous yield," was remarked.

"Yes," said Mr. Heathershaw; but there are many yields that beat that. George A. Hacking threshed $5,000 worth of grain off 130 acres. Charles Harrison threshed 56 bushels per acre off 38 acres. L. H. Jeliff's crop ran over 60 bushels per acre in places, and his whole 458 acres averages 55 bushels per acre. I myself bought a farm last spring partially in crop at $20 per acre, and it has already paid for itself."

"How about the sugar beet?"

"They are good, too, and next week will see everyone into them."

◆

Traffic Conditions in Western Canada

G. M. BOSWORTH, FOURTH VICE-PRESIDENT, WILL VISIT WEST.

(Morning Albertan.)

Montreal, Oct. 1st.—Mr. G. M. Bosworth, fourth vice-president of the Canadian Pacific Railway, left to-day on the Imperial Limited on a trip to the Pacific Coast, during which he will make enquiry into the newer traffic conditions that have arisen as the result of developments on the system and the recently settled districts. Not only will the facilities for the handling of the crop engage his attention, but the mineral and fruit traffic between British Columbia and the prairies, and the recently established business in connection with the exportation of Alberta wheat to the far east. The new business not only implies the necessity for new facilities for handling it, but newer ways of getting it.

◆

John Mitchell, the president of the United Mine Workers of America, is lying in a critical condition in Indianapolis.

Police Court

In anticipation of the introduction of the cash system by the merchants of Taber, some disbelievers in the system took six pairs of trousers and and one pair of blankets from E. S. Bowden's store on Monday night. When he was going to his work on Tuesday morning W. Mewhinney found the stolen articles near the Enterprise Lumber Co.'s premises, where they had apparently been hid by the thief. Mr. Mewhinney took the goods over to the Royal Hotel and immediately notified Constable Burns. A short time later three men by the name of Chandler, Studworthy and Gibson were seen walking to the place where the articles had been hidden, look around a little, and then walk over to the Royal Hotel. They were arrested as suspects and tried before Magistrate Aubin. The accused said that they had just happened to pass the lumber yard that morning and had nothing to do with the stolen articles. Nothing definite could be proved against the accused except that they had been in the Blue Front Store the night the articles were stolen, and, although suspicion was aroused when they were seen loitering around where the stolen articles had been found, the evidence was merely circumstantial and not sufficient to merit the detention of the suspects. They were allowed to go.

On Wednesday afternoon two men by the name of Studworthy and Chandler appeared before Magistrates Aubin and Layton on a charge of taking goods from the Blue Front Store. They pleaded guilty and were sentenced to three months' imprisonment with hard labour.

◆

Petty Thieving.

Joe How, who owns a restaurant on Hough Street, has been missing several spoons at various intervals ever since commencing business last May. He has been keeping a sharp lookout lately, with the result that on Friday night he caught a young boy by the name of John Scott putting a couple of spoons into his pocket. Joe informed Constable Burns, who arrested the boy and imprisoned him for a few hours. It was found that the boy had taken in all about two dozen spoons.

◆

Booming Alberta

AGRICULTURAL DEPARTMENT ASSISTING THE VARIOUS BOARDS OF TRADE.

(Calgary Herald.)

The Department of Education, Edmonton, is going to send out a list of the names of enquirers, which was taken at the provincial exhibit during the Toronto and London fairs, to the various boards of trade in Alberta who wish to send out literature.

This is a move in the right direction, and will permit the various boards to put the claims of their district before the prospective settlers, and will help the Department of Agriculture to keep the prospective settler interested in Alberta. The list of names will be sent out as soon as the Department have mailed the provincial pamphlets to them.

◆

Mrs. Fred Stevens, née Rose Jones, was arrested at Locombe on Monday for bigamy. It is claimed that she left her husband and went to the States, where she married another man.

An Extensive Line of
Compasses for Land Seekers
Goggles and Eye Protectors for Threshers
The Alberta Drug & Stationery Co
Limited.
Near Royal Hotel

Eastern Townships Bank.
CAPITAL, $3,000,000 | RESERVE, $1,860,000
57 branches and agencies in Canada. 48 years in operation
General Banking Business Conducted
ACCOUNTS SOLICITED
Drafts Sold in all parts of the World
Money orders payable in any bank in Canada (Yukon excepted) United States, England, Scotland, at following rates
$5 and under, 03 $10 to $30, 10c
$5 to $10, 06 $30 to $50, 15c
Impossible to lose your money in transmitting it by this method
Taber Branch, C. E. Moe, Manager

"THE PIONEER MERCHANTS."

By trading with us, you save time, worry and money.

All orders are promptly filled and delivered.

Our goods are always clean, fresh and up-to-date, and the prices are continually right.

For cash, we are offering a few lines of our high grade goods at extremely low prices. We will take great pleasure in showing you these goods. Ask to see them.

Our constant aim and desire is to please and accommodate the public.

The Busy Corner
Douglas & Co.

A choice selection of
FARM LANDS & CITY PROPERTY
See us for Woven Wire Fences, etc.
Westlake & Standerwick
Big tracts of land $6.50 per acre up.
EASY TERMS.

Ready-Mixed Paints, Varnish Stains, and Art Enamels.
in small cans.
W. H BALDREY
PAINTER & DECORATOR

Harness Works
Harness, saddles, whips, robes, blankets and everything for your horse. Special attention given to orders of all kinds
E. N. Harding Co.

Jones & Squires
Painters, Paper Hangers, Sign Writers. Estimates free
Agents for the famous Best Vapor Gas Light Co

ENGLAND'S ROYAL HOME

HIS MAJESTY'S PRIVATE APARTMENTS AT WINDSOR CASTLE.

Where Foreign Potentates Are Entertained—Queen Alexandra's Treasure House—Famous "Long Corridor"—Unique Collection of Rare China—Envied by French Royalists—Drawing Rooms at the Castle.

The private apartments which are occupied by Their Majesties King Edward and Queen Alexandra when the court is in residence at Windsor Castle are separate and distinct from what are known as the state apartments, which the public is permitted to see on frequent occasions. The private apartments, says G. Aston, writing in The Woman At Home, lie beyond the state reception-rooms adjoining the Waterloo chamber and are entered by a massive oak door that moves easily and readily on wheeled hinges. This door opens on to a short corridor that has recently been converted into what is probably the most magnificent china closet in the world; it contains in electrically-lighted cabinets at either side of the marble walls some hundred sets of Sevres, Worcester and Chelsea china, each set having a long and interesting history of its own and each absolutely perfect.

Rare China.

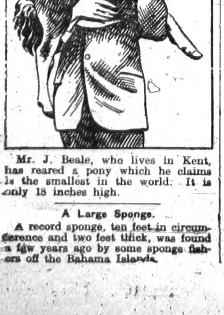
The china closet opens on to the long corridor which runs the whole length of the private apartments, and the plan of its arrangement was mainly devised by Queen Alexandra. The long corridor is a treasure house of inexhaustible interest. Picture a corridor some 400 yards long, lined on either side with pictures, cabinets, chairs, tables, clocks, ornaments of silver and gold and every article the product of an artist famous all the world over, and replete with historical interest. Queen Alexandra spent several months planning how these treasures should be placed, and when the work of arranging these was finally begun a daily report of its progress was submitted to her. In this corridor Queen Alexandra sometimes entertains at afternoon tea a few guests who have the privilege of being on terms of intimacy with Her Majesty.

On the right of the long corridor lie the three rooms chiefly used by Queen Alexandra. These are known as the white, the green and the crimson drawing-rooms, from the coloring that is generally observed in each. The white drawing-room is, perhaps, the most stately and magnificent of the three, and is used mainly when their Majesties are entertaining a large party of guests at Windsor. When foreign royalties are being entertained at Windsor Castle, it is in the white drawing-room that they "visit" Her Majesty. During the visit of a European sovereign to Windsor, the ordinary routine life of the court is considerably altered. The state apartments, which, at ordinary times, are never used, are occupied on such occasions by the royal visitors, who are "visited" there by the King and Queen; in their turn the royal visitors "visit" King Edward and Queen Alexandra, and it is on these occasions that the white drawing-room is chiefly used.

Best Liked.

The crimson and green drawing-rooms are the Queen's favorite apartments. From the former a lovely view is obtained, and it is Her Majesty's favorite room at Windsor. Though the crimson drawing-room is, of course, of considerable size and very beautifully furnished, it has, perhaps, a more homely appearance than the others, and contains more of Her Majesty's personal possessions than any other room in Windsor Castle. It was in this room that the Princesses Patricia and Victoria of Connaught took their first dancing lesson, in the presence of the Queen, and it is here that Her Majesty entertains her guests in the evenings when the party at Windsor is a small one. The green drawing-room is also used a great deal by Her Majesty, but it is more stately in appearance than the crimson drawing-room. It is upholstered throughout with green damask silk, and contains several beautiful cabinets filled with Sevres china. These were originally intended to be placed in the china closet, but the collection took up more room than it was anticipated it would, and the remaining portion of it was therefore placed in the green drawing-room. The great object of interest, however, in this apartment is the model of the figure of Louis XV., by Giradon, which stood in the Place Vendome in Paris. It is the only model in existence of that wonderful piece of work, and is at once the despair and envy of French royalists who come to stay at Windsor Castle.

Smallest In the World.



Mr. J. Beale, who lives in Kent, has reared a pony which he claims is the smallest in the world. It is only 18 inches high.

A Large Sponge.

A record sponge, ten feet in circumference and two feet thick, was found a few years ago by some sponge fishers off the Bahama Islands.

HYMN SAVED HIS LIFE.

An Incident Which Occurred During the Civil War.

Here is an old story worth retelling; it appeared in a recent issue of The Presbyterian:

"Many years ago some Americans in crossing the Atlantic were singing hymns together on a Sunday evening, when an exquisite rich tenor voice joined in, 'Jesus, Lover of my Soul.' Another of the singers stopped suddenly to listen, and when the glorious voice sang the verse:

'All my trust on Thee is stayed,
All my hope from Thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
With the shadow of Thy wing.'

the listener said to himself, 'By George! It's the very man!' When the service was over he went up to the man with the glorious tenor and asked, 'Were you in the Civil War?' 'Yes,' he answered, 'but I fought on the side of the South. I was a Confederate.' 'Yes, you were a Confederate, and you were posted as a sentinel at such a post on such a night?' 'Yes, I was. How did you know?' 'Doesn't that hymn you have just sung tell you?' 'To be sure!' cried the other. 'I remember now. I was posted at sentry duty near the edge of a wood on a night that was very cold and dark, and, as the enemy were known to be near, I felt unnerved, homesick, miserable, and to tell the truth, afraid. To comfort and encourage myself I sang that verse of the hymn, "All my trust on Thee is stayed," etc., and felt somehow a strange peace come down upon me which remained with me all that long and lonely night.' 'Well you might,' said the other, 'for you owed your life to that verse and that voice. I was a Union soldier, and that night I was in the wood with a party of scouts. I saw you standing at sentry, but could not see your face, and I ordered my men to cover you with their rifles. At this moment you broke out with that glorious voice and verse, which rang through the still night and seemed to paralyze my men. They looked at me when you came to

'Cover my defenceless head,
With the shadow of Thy wing,'

and I answered the look, 'All right, boys; lower the rifles,' and we stole back to our lines."

Loser and Finder.

Some days ago a more or less careless person was strolling in a public park in one of our big cities and dropped a wallet containing $1,000 in currency, which a laborer found and restored to its owner, who offered him a cigar as a reward. Commenting on an episode like that, the average American drops into invective and denounces the one of these two as everything mean and despicable, and condoles with the other as the victim of a wrong and a much injured man.

That is one way to look at it and the common estimate of it. But why should this man be taxed for a misfortune? Why should the other make a merchandise of his honesty? What is the argument, in its last analysis, but that honesty should not be practiced unless it reaps reward in dollars and cents? One man loses a purse; another man happens along and picks it up. The purse is not the property of the finder. It has cost him nothing. Why should he expect any reward other than a "thank you" and the approval of a conscience at rest when he restores the property to its rightful owner? No proud man, whatever his necessity, would accept other reward than thanks for an act of simple and ordinary honesty, and it is small compliment to tender for such service other than ordinary courteous acknowledgment.

In Two Forms.

"Two of the commonest delusions of insanity (according to a lunacy expert) may be described as those of "persecution" and "grandeur."

Victims of the first-named form of insanity think that all the world is plotting against them, that they are surrounded by spies, or pursued by enemies. One subject of this delusion believed that he was followed everywhere by a malignant foe who sprinkled a poisonous powder on his pillow. He actually saw the powder, and has an electric fan working over his bed to blow it away.

Those afflicted with the idea of grandeur imagine themselves to be royalties or other great personages. When their mania takes a realistic form they may spend money in profusion. One of these unfortunate people went about ordering costly suites of furniture, china, jewellery and so forth to the value of many thousands. His friends had a troublous time with exasperated tradesmen before he was finally placed under restraint.

Chopin and Chess.

There is, perhaps, no sounder musician living than Sir Walter Parratt, the Master of the King's Music, and it would require something of a musical genius to accomplish the feat Sir Walter performed when staying with some musical friends at Tenby some years ago. To while away the evening chess was suggested, and Sir Walter proposed that he should sit at the piano and play from memory, while he opposed two friends on the chess-board at the same time. The challenge was accepted, and, with his back to the board, Sir Walter sat at the piano and played Chopin and Mendelssohn, calling out his moves whenever necessary. He won the game in three-quarters of an hour.

"Face the Music."

There are several theories concerning the origin of the slang phrase, "Face the music." It is said to have come from the army. One of the difficulties in training horses for the military service was that of getting them to face the regimental band without cutting up a rumpus.

Another authority says also that it is of military origin, but that it was applied to soldiers when they were drummed out to the tune of "The Rogue's March." Still another version is that it is used by actors behind the scenes when preparing to go on the stage to face the music literally.

Pen-Angle WARRANTED HIGH GRADE PENMANS UNSHRINKABLE Trade Mark

Nothing you can wear costs you so little in real comfort, real service and real satisfaction as

Pen-Angle Guaranteed Underwear

Warranted to you by the dealer, by the maker to him. Form-fitted for comfort's sake; won't stretch, won't shrink. Made in many fabrics and styles, at various prices, in form-fitting sizes for women, men and children. Trade-marked in red as above. 208

Titled Ladies in Business

To the list of titled ladies who are devoting their time and energies to the conducting of successful businesses must now be added the name of Lady Algernon Gordon-Lennox, who has hit on the idea of starting a fruit-bottling industry. Her sister, Lady Warwick, it may be remembered, made a splendid success of her milliner's shop in Bond street; while one of the daughters of Lord Amherst of Hackney has done splendidly as a gardener. Perhaps the most curious enterprise yet entered upon by a peeress is that of Ellen, Countess of Desart, who has started tobacco-growing in County Kilkenny. In Ireland, too, is to be found the successful violet farm run by Lady Aileen Wyndham-Quin.

They Wake the Torpid Energies—Machinery not properly supervised and left to run itself, very soon shows fault in its working. It is the same with the digestive organs. Unregulated from time to time they are likely to become torpid and throw the whole system out of gear. Parmelee's Vegetable Pills were made to meet such cases. They restore to the full the flagging faculties, and bring into order all parts of the mechanism.

"So you claim to possess the heart of a boy? Bah!"

"But, really, I feel just as young as I ever did."

"Go on. The fire engine went past here five minutes ago and you were so busy reading some of Emerson's essays that you didn't know it."

Minard's Liniment Cures Garget in Cows.

He—And so you are going to throw me over?

She—No, I didn't use the word 'throw.' I'm simply going to drop you.—Pick-Me-Up.

BABY'S HOLD ON LIFE

Baby's Own Tablets cost 25 cents a box. A box bought now may save your baby's life. Summer complaints come often without warning, and thousands of little ones die from them every summer. If children's stomach and bowels are kept in order there is little danger of these troubles, and that is just what Baby's Own Tablets do. They are good for the new born babe or the well grown child—and they are absolutely safe. Give your child an occasional dose of Tablets and you will keep it well. If you have not got a box of Tablets in the house now, send for them at once, and you may feel that your little ones are safe. Mrs. Wm. Parrott, Myrtle, Ont., says: "My little boy suffered greatly from colic, and cried almost continuously. A few doses of the Tablets cured him, and now I give the Tablets occasionally to prevent the trouble returning." Sold by medicine dealers or by mail at 25 cents a box from The Dr. Williams' Medicine Co., Brockville, Ont.

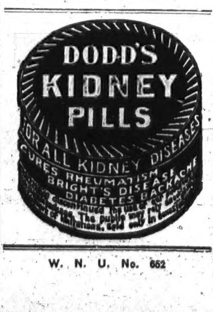
Host—Why did you write to all our guests that this is to be an informal affair?

Hostess—So I should be sure to be the best-dressed woman here.—London Opinion.

Itch, Mange, Prairie Scratches and every form of contagious Itch on human or animals cured in 30 minutes by Wolford's Sanitary Lotion.

The New Waltz

"From the English descriptions of the Cecelian waltz we judge," says a writer in a Berlin paper, "that there will be a sixteen-step prelude to the regular waltz, that this introduction will have some of the old-time minuet features and that when the waltz proper begins it will be something like the dance which was in vogue when we who are now middle-aged and a little more, were dancers. The fast and furious waltz which came from the country where everything is rush is beloved by the young people only because they do not know the dance of their parents. It was this, the graceful, slow and dreamy, that made the dance a soulful pleasure. It was this real poetry of motion that inspired Lanner, Gungi and Straus. Welcome, new waltz, if you are like the old."



DODD'S KIDNEY PILLS
FOR ALL KIDNEY DISEASES
CURES RHEUMATISM BRIGHT'S DISEASE BACKACHE DIABETES

PAUPERISM DECLINING.

Due to Better Employment During Last Year

The half-yearly statement on pauperism in England and Wales shows a decline in the number of persons on the rates. On January 1st last the total number of persons relieved was 145,383 in London and 775,455 outside London, the aggregate of 920,838 being 5,903 less than the number on Jan. 1st, 1906. The percentage of decline for the whole country was 0.6, the percentage for London alone being 2.2, and for the provinces 0.3. The decrease in the pauperism of the urban counties corresponds with improved conditions of employment in the principal industries, particularly the engineering and cotton trades, which marked the year 1906. The building trade and coal-mining industries also, in which there had been in previous years some lack of employment, particularly in the former, showed some improvement. Excluding casuals and the insane, London pauperism showed a decline of 3.1 per cent., but the different districts showed great variations, as will be seen from the following table:

	Rate per 1,000.	Difference in rate.
West	18.5	—0.2
North	23.7	—0.5
Central	51.5	—0.1
East	31.9	—3.5
South	23.5	—0.8

In only one district is there an increase and the biggest decrease is in the east, chiefly due to a decline of 26 per cent. in Poplar. The unions bordering on London show an increase—in Croydon and Edmonton of 11 per cent., in Brentford 13 per cent., Willesden 16 per cent., and Dartford 25 per cent. West Ham showed a reduction of 16 per cent., and Romford of 10 per cent.

It is worthy of note that the whole class of able-bodied paupers showed a decrease of 5,472 on the previous year's figures, but those not able-bodied increased by 7,433 or 1.7 per cent. London, Essex, and Lancashire showed the biggest decreases. A general decline in casual pauperism, amounting to 14 per cent., is noted.

SLAVERY UNDER BRITISH FLAG.

Alfred N. Tucker, Bishop of Uganda, Writes in The London Spectator.

I have recently passed through the Town of Mombasa, on the coast of British East Africa, and there over the court-house the Union Jack flies. In that courthouse a judge sits—an Englishman—who receives his commission from His Majesty the King. He is, moreover, paid by the British House of Commons. The depositions are taken down on paper embossed with the royal arms, and the processes of the court are issued in the name of His Majesty.

An Arab or Swahili drags a wretched slave-woman before this court. "This woman is my property," he pleads. She denies it. The case is gone into. The decision of the judge is given, and the claim of this man to this woman as his chattel is acknowledged, and she is dragged away to continue under the aegis of the Union Jack her miserable existence of servitude.

This affair is no fanciful picture. Several years ago I contested for a fortnight a case on behalf of a slave in this very Town of Mombasa, and in the circumstances which I have described. Happily, I was able to obtain the freedom of the woman for whom I was pleading by proving that she had been illegally purchased in the first instance. But for slaves not acquired in contravention of the decrees of the Sultan of Zanzibar there is absolutely no remedy.

The Union Jack may fly as proudly as it pleases over the court house; the slave may fall down as in the melodrama and cry: "Here at least I am safe!" but it will all be in vain.

Pirates Secure £5,000.

There is quite an old-time flavor about a tale which comes from Odessa.

At 11 o'clock on a recent Sunday night the steamer Sophia was about sixteen miles from Odessa on a voyage to Korthion. The captain and passengers were having supper on deck when suddenly three young men appeared, and, covering the party with revolvers, held them in check while two others seized the man at the wheel and ordered him, under threat of death, to set the ship's course for Odessa.

Some of the pirates, who numbered 18, then went into the first-class saloon, where they took possession of an iron cash-box containing £5,000, which was in charge of a cashier of the Russian Bank for Foreign Trade. They also took £100 belonging to the passengers.

Then they disabled the engines, let off the steam, and finally made their escape in two of the Sophia's boats, after destroying the third.

Dublin Cathedral Damaged.

A huge half ton weight which supplied the motive power to the bells from the tower sixty feet high, crashed through the arches of Christ Church Cathedral recently after the church had been closed. The immense weight fell into the choir gallery. It has been decided to suspend services until the extent of the damage has been ascertained.

It was in Christ Church Cathedral, which was erected in the eleventh century, that the litury was first read in Ireland in the English language. In 1553 mass was again celebrated in the church and continued for six years, under the order of Queen Mary. Then the Episcopal service took its place.

His Recreation.

Sir Henry Taylor used to relate how on one occasion he went to see Lord Hammond, then the under secretary for foreign affairs, of whom it used to be said that he was never absent from his post. On this day, however, he happened to be away, and when the doorkeeper was questioned on the subject he said, "His lordship has gone to a funeral, sir, and it's the only day's pleasure he's had for two years."

ECZEMA IS BABY'S ENEMY

Causing Keen Distress From the Dreadful Itching—Sometimes Lasts for Years—Cure Effected By

Dr. Chase's Ointment

The first indication of eczema is a red pimple, or blister-like eruption. The points run together, making a moistened patch, which "weeps" at first, and then dries into a crust.

The intense itching of eczema of the face and scalp is very hard for the little one to bear, and the result is scratching until free bleeding takes place, and recovery is further retarded. Besides the suffering from the distressing itching, the child is restless and sleepless.

When left to itself, eczema runs on indefinitely, covering the body with sores, but fortunately there is positive cure in the use of Dr. Chase's Ointment, a preparation which, by its marvelous soothing and healing powers, brings quick relief from itching and heals up the sores.

Mr. Wm. Craft, jr., Burk's Falls, Ont., writes: "Our little boy, aged three years, broke out with eczema all over his face, hands and back and we had a terrible time trying to relieve his suffering. It was so bad that when he scratched it would almost make the blood flow. The use of Dr. Chase's Ointment quickly brought relief and made a thorough cure, as there has never been any return of this disagreeable ailment. We always keep Dr. Chase's medicines in the house and find them very useful."

Mrs. M. McCann, 4 Short street, St. John, N.B., writes: "My little girl, three years old, had her face covered with eczema, and it was spreading over her body. I tried many different ointments, and the doctor could do her no good. A friend of mine advised me to try Dr. Chase's Ointment, and she was completely cured by one box. I cannot praise Dr. Chase's Ointment enough for the good it has done her."

Dr. Chase's Ointment has proven especially successful in the cure of baby eczema, as well as in the prevention of this torturing disease, when used for chafing and skin irritation, in which eczema finds its beginnings; 60 cents a box, at all dealers, or Edmanson, Bates & Co., Toronto.

Nearly Time

He—When I leave you tonight I am going to take you in my arms and kiss you.

She—Dear me, how late it is getting.—Chicago Record-Herald.

Cucumbers and melons are "forbidden fruit" to many persons so constituted that the least indulgence is followed by attacks of cholera, dysentery, griping, etc. These persons are not aware that they can indulge to their hearts' content if they have on hand a bottle of Dr. J. D. Kellogg's Dysentery cordial, a medicine that will give immediate relief, and is a sure cure for all summer complaints.

Recently a lady better versed in philosophy than in kitchen lore accompanied a friend on a marketing expedition. Miss Ph. D. expressed her amazement when the butcher gave the price of lamb chops as 25 cents a pound.

"Why," she insisted, "I should think chops would be very expensive, since each animal has only two."—Harper's.

Minard's Liniment Cures Distemper.

"And you saw Muriel?"
"I did."
"Tell me, is she married?"
"Yes."
"One question more: Again or yet?"
—Washington Herald.

"Ever been in Siberia?" asked the reporter.

"Er—yes," answered the distinguished Russian refugee; "I took a knouting there one summer."

We understand that Sir Thomas Fraser, whom the London Gazette described as "deceased" the other day, has become a member of the Anti-Premature Burial Society.—Punch.

A Leading Question

The youngest teachers of the Lincoln school are telling with glee a great joke on Miss Blank, one of the oldest and most capable instructors in the primary grades of our schools.

It was Harold's first day at school. Miss Blank came down to his desk and said: "What is your name?"

"Harold Smith," the bright youngster replied.

"And how old are you?" went on Miss Blank in her methodical way.

"Six," said Harold. "How old are you?" and the young teachers are laughing still.—Lippincott's.

There is nothing equal to Mother Grave's Worm Exterminator for destroying worms. No article of its kind has given such satisfaction.

Head Deacon—That new member whose pew is just back of me can't sing a little bit. Why, he puts everyone out on our side. Can't you ask him to move his pew?

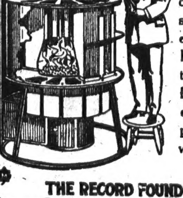
The Pastor—No; but I'll try to get him to join the choir.—Exchange.

Minard's Liniment Cures Diphtheria.

"Moike!"
"Phwat is it, Pat?"
"Shposin' Oi was to have a fit?"
"Yis."
"And yez had a pint of whiskey?"
"Yis."
"Would yez kneel down and put the bottle to me lips?"
"Oi would not."
"Yez wouldn't?"
"No. Oi could bring yez to yer fate quicker by shtandin' up in front of yez and dhrinkin' it meself."—Philadelphia Inquirer.

"They say his wife has money."

"Well, that isn't his fault. They've only been married a short time."—Liverpool Post.



THE RECORD CALORIFIC

Our warm air heat producer for churches and large public buildings, possesses a very important feature in the fact that it has two air courses—the air travels up through both the inner and outer castings. All products of combustion come in direct contact with and completely surround the hot air columns, thus making the largest amount of heating surface to every square foot of grate surface ever achieved in a warm air heater. The flue construction admits of heat being forced direct to the most distant and most exposed part of the building to be warmed. 107

WRITE FOR CATALOGUE

THE RECORD FOUNDRY & MACHINE CO.
Foundries at MONCTON, N.B. & MONTREAL, P.Q.

Sales Branches at MONCTON, N.B.; MONTREAL, P.Q.; TORONTO, ONT.; WINNIPEG, MAN.; CALGARY, ALTA. and VANCOUVER. B.C.

STRENGTH COMES FROM WHAT YOU DIGEST NOT FROM WHAT YOU EAT

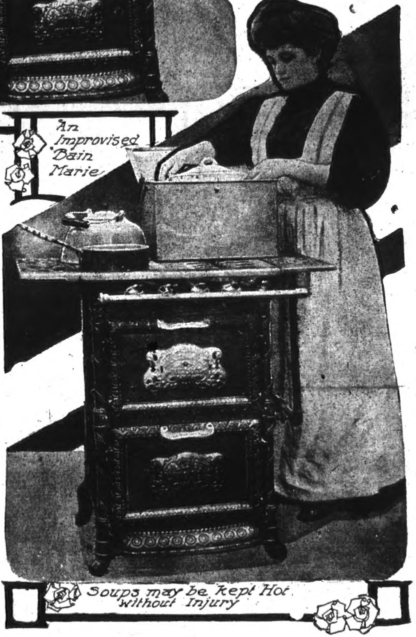
SHREDDED WHEAT

is taken up and digested by the most delicate stomach. It makes good muscle and rich blood. A boon to dyspeptics.

CONTAINS MORE NUTRIMENT THAN MEAT OR EGGS

For sale by all grocers, 13c per package; 2 for 25c.

Mrs. Sterling's Ways



Soups may be kept Hot without Injury

No. XVI.

MRS. BROWN'S "Dietetic Deportment" took a new turn today. Not that most of us were surprised when she not only declined but denounced the tea which she had lauded, not three weeks ago, as "Tired Woman's Sweet Restorer, Balmy Tea." As I have already remarked, we knew the tannic acid stage must come in the natural course of her lectures.

"No tea for me, dear Mrs. Sterling," she murmured, a regretful glister in her eyes. "Against my will I am convinced that it is absolutely poison to one of my digestive idiosyncrasies. I have nothing to do with other people's principles and practice in this respect, although I shuddered, this morning, in listening to the professor's analysis of teas—even those for which we pay preposterous prices as the best and purest brands. We all know, of course, that green tea owes its color to Prussian blue, the base of which is prussic acid. But everybody does not suspect that tannic acid—a deadly poison—lurks in every cup, whatever may be the kind of tea used. After ten minutes maceration" (Mrs. Martin smiled openly at the technical term) "the infusion is little better than diluted digallic acid."

"Good gracious!" cried Mrs. Martin, helping herself to a slice of lemon and another lump of sugar, abstractedly. "How horribly and delightfully interesting! Do go on! It is such a comfort to know just what one drinks! And what does the digalltannic stuff do after we swallow three or four cups of it?"

Mrs. Brown was made up without one ray of humor. She replied, promptly and gravely:

Tannin's Ill Effects

"Digallic acid is but another name for tannin. When taken into the human stomach it precipitates all starches and glutens (which is the best principle of bread, you know), all albuminous deposits (that is eggs), and if you have eaten jelly—sweet or aspic or meat jelly—it forms a most insoluble compound, almost like leather!"

"Good gracious!" ejaculated the fun-loving auditor anew—her eyes widened until her forehead was a gridiron of wrinkles. "You make me feel like a tannery! Yet it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a leather-lined stomach, when one comes to think of it!"

Mrs. Sterling interposed the usual buffer between ball and ball:

"But, my dear Mrs. Brown, sensible people who have read of the properties of foods—and beverages—do not let tea steep for ten minutes! They know that stewed, or overdone tea, is an astringent, and that it must carry on the tanning process you have described."

Professor Sidestep's disciple pointed a tragic finger at the cozy-covered teapot.

"That has stood there for fully eight minutes! It will be there for ten longer, until all the tea is drained from the leaves."

"I beg your pardon," returned the thoroughbred, with perfect temper. "There is not a leaf in the pot! As soon as the boiling water had stood upon the herb five minutes—or less—the tea was drawn off into that pot, having been made in another, and set in a vessel of boiling water until I rang for the tea. Once here, the wadded cozy keeps it hot for an incredibly long time, and it loses none of its freshness. Neither," smiling at the disconcerted reformer, "does it extract tannic acid while standing. Patent neither obtained nor applied for! The trick is free to all. Now, let me give you something to drink! What shall it be? Coffee? Lemonade? Milk?"

"A cup of freshly boiled water, please!" with what remnant of self-possession defeat had left her. "It stimulates and cleanses the mucous lining of the stomach."

While the water was in boiling Mrs. Sterling went on talking naturally and easily. That a guest should suffer discomfort of body or spirit in her house is, to her notions, a breach of hospitality.

The Virtues of Hot Water

"My sister, Mrs. Field, never wearies of descanting upon the virtues of hot water as a beverage. A cup—freshly boiled, as you say—is brought to her bedside every morning before she rises. She takes nothing else for sick headache and indigestion. When she is inclined to be bilious in the early warm weather, she adds the juice of a lemon without sugar, and insists that it does her more good than quinine ever did 'in the dark ages when she pinned her faith to doctors and to drugs.' If it be a delusion it is harmless—and clean. Here is your invigorator, at last! I thank you for not going away thirsty."

After a few minutes of desultory chat, the hot water question came up again. It was, I think, Mrs. Green who asked, "What is a 'bain marie?'"

"One meets with the term often in recipes, especially for the preparation of French dishes," she said. "I judge, from the connection in which it is used, that it has to do with hot water."

"It is rather a grand apparatus in hotel kitchens," replied the hostess. "I have a simpler form—a very crude construction—in mine which I will show you, some day, if you wish. I had a zinc box—or pan—made by a stove manufacturer, oblong, about six inches deep and with a deep, round cover. Any tinner could make one. It is about twice as large as an ordinary covered roaster. This stands at the side of the range all day long, or at the back, wherever it will be out of the cook's way, and is always half or quite full of hot water. Dishes are set in it to heat before they are filled, and to keep the contents hot after they are ready for the table. Coffee and teapots go into the same while they await our convenience. Soups may be kept hot against the master's coming for an hour without injury. Even the steak, done to a turn, does not lose flavor or juices after it is committed to the warm embrace of the 'bain marie.' The same may be said of fish and even of oysters, and it is on record that an omelette was once saved from flat ruin by the 'Cook's Best Friend.' That is the name it goes by in our household."

Marion Harland

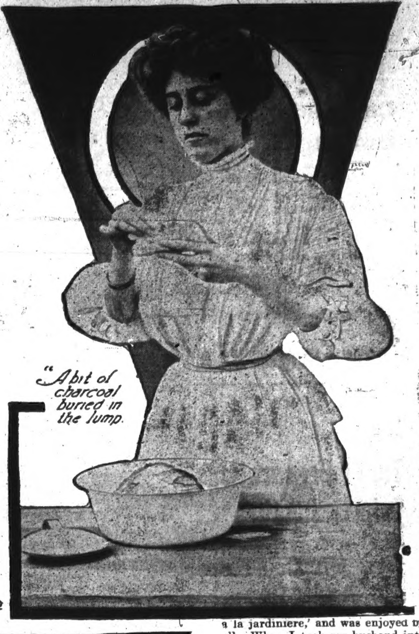
Fish Brine for Whitewash.

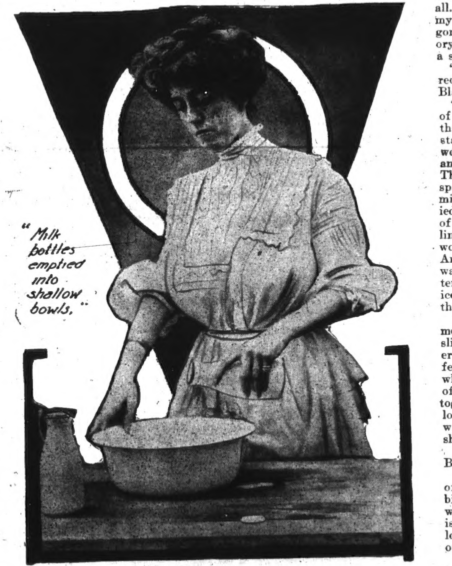
TO MAKE whitewash stick upon stone walls or boards, mix the lime with fish brine. At first it looks as though the whitewash would be a dingy-looking white, but the mixture proves as white as any you ever had mixed with plain water, and takes on a curious brightness, just a little like paint.

Besides preventing the whitewash from peeling or flaking off—a trick which is most trying to the housewife's soul—there is another good point to it. If you whitewashed an exposed surface with it, you will find that it resists the action of rain instead of decorating the grass at the base of the wall with little pools of white after a storm.

THE KNACK OF RETRIEVING FAILURES

MRS. STERLING'S WAYS. NO. XVIII.


"A bit of charcoal buried in the lump.


"Milk bottles emptied into shallow bowls."

"ONE may take devout satisfaction in considering how few irreparable failures there are in the world we have a bad habit of calling 'crooked.'"

The blessed woman said it with feeling. Evidently something deeper and of more vital importance than the subject in hand was in her mind. "At 70"—I have heard her say—"one learns to look under the surface of the things which are seen, and temporal, or one has lived to little purpose."

We had been talking, of course, of the weather in general, and in particular of the disastrous effects of heat upon foodstuffs.

"Do what I will, my custards curdle before they are half done!" Mrs. White had lamented, "and yet, the milk is put into the refrigerator as soon as it is delivered, and the bottles are not opened until we are quite ready to use milk and cream."

Then our hostess and mentor fell to moralizing, and produced the bit of practical wisdom I have cited. Recovering from her momentary reserve, she continued:

"My mother used to say (how naturally the phrase comes to every woman's lips!)—my dear mother used to say that milk should have air and space. Her milk cellar was a marvel of order and sweet, airy space. So I have my milk bottles emptied, as soon as they are brought in, into wide, shallow crockery bowls, and set in a compartment of the refrigerator where nothing but milk and butter are kept. As to cream—the 'separated cream' sold to us in small glass jars—of one thing you may rest assured — in nine cases out of ten it is doctored with some chemical preservative — I hope nothing worse than salicylic acid—before it is bottled."

Mrs. Martin struck in impetuously here:

"That accounts for the bitterish 'tang' I detect in it sometimes! I thought it was incipient — corruption!" with an expressive grimace. "I'm relieved to know it is nothing worse than a vegetable 'embalmer.' But it is there, all the same, and accounts for much. For example, for the cream keeping—not sweet, perhaps, but without souring or thickening when the mercury touches the nineties."

"But," demurred Mrs. White—"I don't like to mix your antiseptic drug with really pure milk, such as goes into my custards!"

Drop into the milk a bit of baking soda no larger than a green pea," advised Mrs. Sterling. "Even cream twenty-four hours old may be boiled without clotting if this simple precaution be taken and the cream be brought slowly to a gentle simmer. I never omit the bit or pinch of soda when milk is to be cooked for any purpose. It arrests decomposition by neutralizing the acid generating in the milk. Old-fashioned people used to say, when this was faintly perceptible to the taste, that the milk, or bread, or meat was 'just on the turn.' There is nothing better or more harmless than soda for averting this evil 'turn.' Like the fire and water, kerosene and gasoline — and I might add mustard, cayenne and salt to the list—our bicarbonate of soda is a good and faithful servant, but a cruel master. The cook who has 'a heavy hand with soda' is not to be trusted to use it at all. I have saved a 'touched' steak by a timely bath of soda and water. After leaving the suspected meat in it for an hour, I wiped it dry, washed it with lemon juice and proceeded to braise it with minced vegetables. We were in the country; the butcher had not come that day, and Mr. Sterling had!—bringing with him a couple of city men to dinner. Not another morsel of meat was to be had for love or money. My cook was sick in bed, and the waitress, a model in her own sphere, knew nothing of cooking, and 'had never cared to learn.' I had to cook the dinner. Whatever else was to be omitted from the bill of fare, I determined there should be no apologies. I had soup stock, fresh vegetables, cake, berries and real cream, succulent lettuce for salad, and clear, hot, black coffee. The piece de resistance was the 'high' steak. It figured as 'braised beef a la jardiniere,' and was enjoyed by all. When I took my husband into my confidence after the guests had gone he assured me that it was 'savory, tender and delicious, with never a suspicion of taint.'"

"Even your bicarbonate cannot redeem strong butter," said Mrs. Black, mournfully.

"That depends upon the degree of 'strength.' I have washed butter that had entered upon the earlier stage of ruin in pure, cold water, working it with a wooden paddle, and not touching it with my hands. Then I kneaded it with the same spatula until not a drop of buttermilk was left in it. Finally, I buried in the heart of the lump a piece of charcoal wrapped in clean old linen. In twenty-four hours the work of redemption was complete. Another and a less hopeful case was treated to weak soda and water. The rinsing was done in clear iced water. The butter was left in this for an hour."

"An old housekeeper once told me that cooking butter which was slightly rancid could be made tolerable by heating it slowly in a perfectly clean frying pan, adding, when it began to hiss, some pieces of raw potato, and cooking the two together for a few minutes, not allowing the butter to color. Then it was strained and put away for shortening, etc."

This contribution was from Mrs. Bistre.

"I have corrected many a batch of sour dough by kneading into it a bit of saleratus dissolved in boiling water," ventured Mrs. Black, who is not always ready to refer to the long ago in which she "did all her own work."

Mrs. Sterling nodded encouragingly.

"Thank you! I was about to say the same of my early housewifely experiments. Coming down the hill—or up—it was only last week that my cook came to me in dire dismay to say that the 'mayonnay' (she always speaks of it in the singular number) had 'gone back on her.' That is, it had curdled and separated under the whip. We saved the day by beating smooth the yolk of a fresh egg and stirring it into the disintegrated mixture. It acted as a cohesive agent, and our salad was presentable. The study of redeemed failures is a large and interesting field of thought and adventure."

"But"—said Mrs. White, whom irrepressible Mrs. Martin has nicknamed "Thomasine" — "nothing can be done with really sour bread when once baked—absolutely nothing."

"I beg your pardon! Sliced and dried, then crumbled, it can be wrought into excellent puddings of divers sorts if soda be added judiciously. I made a most toothsome cheese fondu of such crumbs, some years ago.

"Success along this line may be classed among the peaceable fruits of the discipline of failure."

Marion Harland

Coal City, Alta., the New Coal Town

30 miles east of Lethbridge, 80 miles west of Medicine Hat.

Watch her grow. Get in on the ground floor. Buy your lots now, they will double in value in sixty days. In less than two years Coal City will have a population of 2,000 people. Lots will be worth from $300 to $1,000 in less than twelve months. Coal City has five operating coal mines shipping fram 10 to 100 tons daily of the best coal in Alberta, and several more to open up at once. All these mines will increase their output as rapidly as possible. Coal City will be working 200 miners before Jan. 1, 1908, with a pay roll of $18,200 per month. I will sell lots on easy terms until Oct. 15th only. Call in to the Blue Front Store and secure your lots and make money on their advance in value on Oct 15.

E. S. BOWDEN

Call and Inspect Our Stock

Of Bedsteads, Springs and Mattresses, Bedding, Blankets Comforters, Etc.

Household Furniture, Sewing Machines and Organs.

Carpets and Linoleums.

Washers and Wringers.

Taber Furniture Co.

For

Drugs,
Toilet Preparations
School Supplies
Go to the
TABER DRUGSTORE
South of Track

Magazines and Novels.
Finest Selected Chocolates.

Ervine & Todd

AGENTS FOR

Cockshut Plows, Windmills, etc.

Deering Harvesting Machines.

Canadian Port Huron Co. Engines & Threshers

The Hotel Royal

J. K. Irving, Proprietor

Rates $1.50 to $2 per day

Good accommodation for commercial men and the public.

The leading house of Taber.

Established since the flood and up-to-date ever since

Depew & Veale

CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS

Taber, Alberta

MEALS AT ALL HOURS

Lunches Prepared for Travellers and Homeseekers

Give us a Call

Jas. B. Milligan.

Taber Free Press

Advertising Rates on Application
Subscription $1:50 yearly, in advance
W. A. M. Belfwood, editor and manager

THURSDAY, OCT. 17, 1907

Notes and Comments

If petty thieving keeps up Taber will soon need a reformatory.

×

The pound by-law has made a marked difference to Taber's appearance.

×

Judging from the petty thieving goin on in town, there are several people at least who do net believe in the cash system.

×

After seeing the potatoes on exhibition in G. C. Millar's estate office, one must be convinced that this is a good country for mixed farming.

×

When 458 acres near Magrath averaged 56 bushels per acre, it doesn't speak much for the veracity of the newspapers in the Western States, which say our crops were a failure.

×

The Government has not yet decided where to locate their reformatory. If petty thieving continues among the younger generation of Taber, we might persuade the Government to place it here.

◆

The Cash System.

The merchants of Taber have issued circular letters to their customers, notifying them that on and after Nov. 1st they will sell their goods only for cash or produce. In a former edition of the Free Press we commended this action of our merchants and pointed out the advantages of the cash system. Our attention has been called, however, to a possible result of introducing the cash system, and that is that the people will now send away for their goods to some place where they can get them cheaper. If they have to pay cash anyway they might as well get their goods where they can get them for the least money. Unless our merchants, therefore, can sell just as cheap, er cheaper, than large outside houses, a lot of money will be sent away from town. In order to use our influence to avert such outside trade, we beg to present our readers with ten reasons why they should patronize local merchants. This article is taken from an exchange.

Because you examine your purchase and are assured of satisfaction before investing your money.

Because your merchant is always ready and willing to make right any error or any defective article purchased of him.

Because when you are sick, or for for any reason it is necessary for you to ask for credit, you could go to a local merchant. Could you ask it of a mail order house?

Because, if a merchant is willing to extend your credit, you should give him the benefit of your cash trade.

Because your home merchants pay local taxes and exert every effort to build and better your market, thus increasing both the value of the city and country property.

Because the mail order merchant does not lighten your taxes or in any way uphold the value of your property.

Because, if your town is good enough to live in, it is good enough to spend money in.

Because the best citizens in your community patronise home industry. Why not be one of the best citizens?

Because, if you give your home merchant an opportunity to compete by bringing your order to him in the quantities you buy out of town, he will demonstrate that, quality considered, he will save you money.

The following anecdote will tend to show that there is, after all, very little advantage in dealing with a mail order house:

A man went into a hardware store to buy an axe. Being shown the article and informed that the price was $1.15, he said, "Why, I can get that axe from a mail order house for 90 cents."

"Very well," said the hardware man, "I will give it to you for the same price, provided that you will do the same with me as you would do with them."

"All right," replied the customer, as he handed over a dollar bill, and the merchant give him back 10 cts. in change."

"Now," said the hardwareman, "I want 25 cents more to pay express charges," which the customer gave him." "How much did your axe cost you?"

"One dollar and fifteen cents," the man answered.

"Very good; now give me five cts. for money order fees and postage," which the purchaser had to hand over. "Now, how much did your axe cost you?"

"One dollar and twenty cents," said the customer.

"Not so very cheap after all," said the merchant, whereupon he picked up the axe, tossed it back on the shelf and told the customer to call for it in ten days, as that would be as soon as he could get it from the mail order house.

◆

Taber's Publicity.

Taber needs more publicity. It is true that it is the most-talked-of-town on the Crow's Nest, but this is by those who have had the privilege of seeing it. There are many people who hear of Taber from others, or see its name in the newspapers, who look on the map of Southern Alberta and, like poor Mother Hubbard's bone, it is not there. Even the time table of the C.P.R. does not mention Taber, and its map does not show its location, while places like Wetmore, Chin, Woodpecker are marked. Why is this? One reason is because Taber is a comparatively new place. But because it is new is no reason why it should not be recognized. Its growth has been phenomenal. Its population doubles every year. Next year it will be as large as Lethbridge. It will have more miners and better mines. It will have electric lights and waterworks. But will it be on the map? Will anyone know whether the railway runs through it or not? Will the attention of the people who are unfamiliar with our resources and blind to our importance have their eyes opened? These are practical questions. There is need to ask them. There is need to remind the Board of Trade that it is still extant and there is still important work for it to do.

◆

Gold Cure Compulsory

Edmonton, Oct. 11th.—The announcement may be made very soon of the decision of the Provincial Government to make it compulsory for every person committed to the jails of the province on the charge of drunkenness to take the "gold cure." This policy has been adopted in Quebec, and is reported to have done a great deal towards advancing the cause of temperance, many confirmed drunkards having straightened up for fear they might be committed and forced to take the cure, while others that could not restrain themselves were put in jail and the cure administered.

CHURCH NOTICES

Church of Jesus Christ of Latter Day Saints—Sunday school at 10 a. m., every Sunday. Sacrament meeting at 2 p. m. Sunday evening service at 8 p. m.

Young Ladies' Mutual Improvement Association every Tuesday at 7.30 p. m. Primary Association every Saturday at 3 p. m.

Knox church—Morning service at 11 a. m. followed by Sunday School and Bible class. Evening service 7.30. Wednesday Congregational Prayer Meeting, 8 p.m.

St. Theodore Church—The services at the English Church until further notice will be as follows:—Sunday school at 3 p.m. every Sunday. Evening service at 7.30.

Baptist Service—A Baptist service will be held on Sunday afternoon at 3 o'clock in the Presbyterian church All welcome.

If you are going to Build, or requre anything in the
WOOD - WORKING LINE,
Call and get prices from
MACDONALD & ROBINSON
BUILDING CONTRACTORS
Opposite McLellan and McIntyre's Blacksmith Shop

Important !

Why pay rent, when, for a trifle you can purchase a large building lot on the
Johnson Addition
near the big mine of the Canada West Coal & Coke Co., and close to the pipe line. If you want a home of your own, where you can have the best garden, etc. now is your opportunity. You will never again buy as cheap.

A. Johnson, Agent.

SYNOPSIS OF CANADIAN NORTH-WEST HOMESTEAD REGULATIONS.

ANY even numbered section of Dominion Lands in Manitoba, Sanskatchewan and Alberta, excepting 8 and 26, not reserved, may be homesteaded by any person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years of age, to the extent of one-quarter section of 160 acres, more or less.

Application for entry must be made in person by the applicant at a Dominion Lands Agency, or Sub-agency for the district in which the land is situate. Entry by proxy may, however, be made at an Agency on certain conditions by the father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of an intending homesteader.

The homesteader is required to perform the homestead duties under one of the following plans:

(1) At least six months residence upon and cultivation of the land in each year for three years.

(2) A homesteader may, if he so desires, perform the required residence duties by living on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of his homestead. Joint ownership in land will not meet this requirement.

(3) If the father (or mother, if the father is deceased) of a homesteader has permanent residence on farming land owned solely by him, not less than eighty (80) acres in extent, in the vicinity of the homestead, or upon a homestead entered for by him in the vicinity, such homesteader may perform his own residence duties by living with the father (or mother).

(4) The term "vicinity" in the two preceding paragraphs is defined as meaning not more than nine miles in a direct line, exclusive of the width of road allowances crossed in the measurement.

(5) A homesteader intending to perform his residence duties in accordance with the above while living with parents, or on farming land owned by himself, must notify the Agent for the district of such intention.

Six months' notice in writing must be given to the Commissioner of Dominion Lands a. Ottawa of intention to apply for patent.

W. W. CORY.

Deputy of the Minister for the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

Mormons Expelled from Saxony

Dresden, Saxony, October 4th.—Three Americans, Mormons, have been expelled from Germany because they persisted, despite final warnings prohibiting them, from spreading their propaganda in conducting river baptisms and making converts. They were arrested and summarily taken under guard to the frontier.

The Medicine Hat News says: "The Taber Town Council has decided that the hotel bars must be closed on Sundays—and yet this is supposed to be a free country."

Taber Meat Market

Fresh and salt meats of all kinds
Fish in season, butter, lard and fresh sausage, lamb and mutton

J. B. Jett & Co

Canada West Coal & Coke Co., Ltd

Best Coal on the market

and a good steam producer for Stationery Boilers

Taber, Alberta

Enterprise Lumber Co.

Building Material of Every Kind

Massey-Harris Farm Machinery

Agent, J. Barton

For business lots and residental lots in the water belt.

SEE

W. W. Douglas

Prices and terms to suit everybody.

Money to loan to assist in improving these properties.

Rogers Cunningham Lumber Co., Limited

Successors to George Rogers

Builders' Supplies

of Every Description, Wholesale and Retail

Lumber, Shingles, Doors, Windows
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Yard Along Track, East of Station

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GROCERIES, HARDWARE, CROCKERY, ETC.

FALL ANNOUNCEMENT

WE HAVE purchased the entire stock of Musical Instruments, Sewing Machines, Etc., of Mr. D. L. Kimball and will sell at low prices to clear.

We have also got in our new stock of Overcoats, Suits, Boots and Shoes which have been carefully selected to suit the requirements of the Miners and Farmers.

Call and inspect our stock.

Vickery & Co., - Cash Buyers Union.

Call and Inspect

Our new line of

EGYPTIAN and
CAMEO WARE

At prices from 25c to 50c.

Westlake Bros.

JEWELLERS AND STATIONERS
TABER ALBBRTA

Taber Breezes

E. S. West, of Calgary, was in town Monday.

D. MacTavish, of Calgary, was in town yesterday.

James Ervine came back from the South yesterday.

How Foon, from Fernie, is visiting Joe How this week.

L. Raisbeck, from Purple Springs, was in town yesterday.

Sheriff Young of Lethbridge spent yesterday in the district.

A. V. Bowman, of Buliview Ranch, was in town on Saturday.

Good general servant wanted. Apply to Mrs. W. W, Douglas.

Thomas Beck, from Fernie, is visiting his brother, A. Beck.

J. B. White spent Sunday at Medicine Hat visiting friends.

M. V. Gallivan, V.S., of Lethbridge, was in town on Monday.

Mr. and Mrs. John Barton were visitors to Lethbridge last week.

C. C. Yancey, of Spokane, the real estate man, was in town this week.

Mr. and Mrs. F. J. Brophy, of Bow Island, are visiting friends in town.

R. Todd, of Ervine & Todd, spent Friday of last week in Grassy Lake.

Mr. and Mrs. H. Hogarth and children were at Lethbridge Saturday.

W. Mewhinney is building a new house north of G. Macdonald's residence.

L. Westlake, of Westlake Bros., went to Lethbridge on Wednesday on business.

Messrs. Depew and Veale have the contract for the new school at the Canada West Mine.

The Ladies' Aid of Knox Church are giving a ten cent. tea in the church this afternoon.

E. A. Cunningham, of the Rogers-Cunningham Lumber Co., Lethbridge, was in town Tuesday.

The north wall of the new opera house collapsed again yesterday. No doubt the strong wind was the cause.

Two Chinamen, Hong Sick and Hong Soo, have leased the restaurant lately occupied by Sherburne and Russell.

A. P. Veale went to Grassy Lake on Friday to see whether the prairie fire had done any damage to his homestead.

D. McEwen, of Medicine Hat, representing the Toronto Globe, was in town yesterday and gave the Free Press a call.

A. L. Dennison, of Calgary, who is the Alberta manager for the Canadian Fire Insurance Company, was in town yesterday.

R. A. Lyons is disposing of his stock at Purple Springs, and his brother is here looking after the business for him.

Miss Caldwell will give lessons in burnt wood, plush or leather at the Millinery Store, next door to the Blue Front Store.

There will be a meeting of the Liberal Association on Saturday night in the Masonic Hall to appoint delegates to the Calgary Convention.

Mrs. Sale will open up a short-order restaurant and lunch counter next to the Taber Hotel, in the office formerly occupied by Sutton and Donovan.

The north wall of the new opera house, which fell down some time ago, has been replaced, and the building is being completed with all possible speed.

Miss C. A. Cooksley, who was one of the leading milliners in Toronto for 15 years, will occupy the building next to the Blue Front Store as soon as it is ready for occupancy.

Wanted a few good mine horses, must not be over fifty-eight inches high, not more than nine years old nor less than four. Apply at mine office, Canada West Coal Co, Ltd.

On Monday the C.P.R. started a day service between Medicine Hat and Lethbridge. An accommodation car for passengers is attached to way-freights, one leaving Medicine Hat at five o'clock and the other at six o'clock a.m.

Lost, a grey shepherd dog, about eight months old. Had leather collar with brass trimmings around neck, collar was stamped "D. J. McMillan, Wholesale Lipuors." Reward on return of the dog to D. J. McMillan, Taber, Alta.

Mr. McAskfle, a Presbyterian student who has been in charge of a mission for the summer, was here and spent Wednesday with his brothers. He left last Thursday for Kingston, Ontario, to continue his ministerial studies at Queen's University.

CIGAR SPECIAL. — Call and inspect our finest selected Cigars. Princesses, 4 for 25 cents, or box of 50, $3.25, a speciality. Also our 3 for 25 cents line: Bobbie Burns, Owe's Clear Havana, Maritima, Rosatana, etc., etc. The best in town.—TABER DRUG STORE, South of Track. Quality guaranteed. 35-2t.

The Ladies' Relief Society of the L.D.S. Church will give a Thanksgiving Ball in the L.D.S. Assembly Hall on Thursday night, Oct. 31st, to whish all who desire a genuine good time are cordially invited. Tickets, 75 cents. Each purchaser of a ticket will receive, free, a dainty Lunch Basket containing lunch for two persons, consisting of Chicken Sandwiches, Fruit, etc. A good floor, good music, and a good time for all who attend is assured.

About seventy-five people attended the dance at the opening of the new Reliance Hotel last night, and all were unanimous in pronouncing it a very successful affair. Miss Lessard, sister of the proprietors, made a very charming hostess, receiving the guests in the main hall. Dancing commenced about half-past nine o'clock and lasted until the early hours of the morning, when the guests departed with expressions of gratitude for the pleasant time they had enjoyed.

Mr. Kilgrow, of Grassy Lake, was found in a helpless condition last Friday by a neighbor. Word was immediately sent to Taber, and his son went down on a freight train followed by Dr. Leech on the passenger. The case was found to be one of severe strangulated hernia, and an operation was imperative. Mr. Kilgrow was brought to Taber and operated on by Drs. Lang and Leech. It is reported that Mr. Kilgrow contracted the trouble in fighting the prairie fire that was raging in his district last week.

◆

Pessimistic Manitoban

The following is a clipping taken from a Manitoba newspaper. The writer must have been reading the crop reports upside-down, or must be a disciple of the Dakota papers which have been so maliciously slandering our province.

"One of the reasons why collections will be pushed this fall is that, in spite of all optimistic talk, the crop in Saskatchewan and Alberta is very poor. The frost hit them harder than they knew. Of course, this has its financial effect on Manitoba. The credit system is bad enough in our own province, but in the new districts in the west it is far worse. As a consequence wholesalers realize that they expect very little from the west this fall, and as a result the word has gone forth that Manitoba must make it up. Hence the merchants in this province are going to be squeezed for payment in full, and this will necessitate a sincere cooperation on the part of their customers to meet the demands of the wholesalers.—Carberry News.

[illegible]ab of Tripoli.

[illegible] the faint intermittent tinkling of a bell was heard. "Burr-ro!" ("Get out!") in warning rasped the high pitched voice of a camel driver. I dodged quickly into the shop of a silversmith and watched four lumbering camels squdge softly by. To prevent those behind the driver from being stolen the halter rope of each is tied to the tail of the one ahead, and on the tail of the last camel as he flips and flaps it from side to side tinkles a bell. A wily one of the faithful, not being rich in this world's goods, turned covetous eyes on a nomadic brother who passed through the town leading a string of six camels. "Allah! Allah ursel el Allah! Could not the brother spare one of his jimal?" (camels). So, dusting the flies from his eyes and hooding himself with his barracan, he stealthily followed. He was aware that near the New gate the street narrowed and made a double turn. No sooner had the driver and head camel rounded the first corner than the wily one seized the bell attached to the hindmost camel. With a stroke of his knife he severed it from the tail of the animal, and, keeping it tinkling, he quickly fastened it to the tail of the next, cut loose the last beast and—"Allah wills"—made off with his loot.—C. W. Furlong in Harper's.

A Mysterious Booming.

A strange phenomenon is that of the so called "guns of Burrisaul," in India. Burrisaul is a station in the Sunderbunds, the marshy delta of the Ganges, a region covered with a vast and luxuriant jungle of tropic vegetation. Here in the rainy season there is occasionally heard a loud, booming noise like the discharge of distant artillery. It seems to come from the south, but if one follows the sound in that direction its apparent distance does not diminish. Travelers have suggested that it may be produced by the heavy surf of the monsoon season thundering on the shores of the bay of Bengal or on an island, but the place of its origin has never been identified, nor has it been explained why the roar of the waves should be heard so much farther inland here than on other coasts.

When "Girl" was "Gell."

Concerning the pronunciation of "girl," it is to be feared that only very careful English people fail to rhyme it with "pearl" nowadays. The song of some years back—"My dear little girlie girlie, with hair so nice and curly, and every morning early"—shows the custom of the great public in our time, though in the "Vilkins and his Dinah" period "girl" was rhymed with "dwell." "Gell" was no doubt the nearest the average man could get to the sound imperfectly represented by "gairl" and at any rate was better than the vulgar "gal." But in these days few authors would go to the trouble of writing "gurl" to show that a character was peculiar in thus pronouncing the word as Thackeray did in the case of Mrs. Bungay. So says a London correspondent.

Pretty Bashful.

At a village church a wedding was fixed for a certain date. The happy morn arrived, and in due course a youthful swain and faire ladye presented themselves at the chancel steps. The service proceeded smoothly as far as the question, "Wilt thou have this woman to be thy wedded wife?" Whereupon the supposed bridegroom stammered blushingly:

"Please, sir, I'm not the right man."

"Not the right man," exclaimed the clergyman, aghast, "Then where is the right man?"

"He's down at the bottom of the church, sir. He's asheeamed to come up."—Church Family Newspaper.

A Russian Pastime.

If the human jaws need some occupation in the intervals of meals and gossip, says Health Culture, masticators could learn a lesson from the peasants of southern Russia, who exercise their teeth on the hard seeds of the Caspian sunflower. There is not a suspicion of a stimulant about it, no chewing gum dyspepsia or navy plug nuisance. It is a pastime and incidentally an excellent dentifrice. In Astrakhan a pint of the requisite seeds can be bought for a quarter of a penny.

A Plausible Inference.

"Miriam," said her mother, "have you ever given young Mr. Stapleford any reason to believe you cared for him enough to marry him?"

"He seems to think so," answered the daughter, "because I told him the other evening that he was sending me too many costly flowers and ought to begin to save his money."

Merely a Suggestion.

Wright—I've tried everything, and my novels don't seem to sell. Penman—Excuse me, but you have not tried everything. You know, it is said that Dickens' novels sell four times better than during his life.

Retribution.

Minister (meeting a small boy on Sunday afternoon carrying a string of fish)—Johnny, Johnny, do these belong to you? Johnny—Y-e-s, sir. You see, that's what they got for chasing worms on a Sunday.

Not Her Business.

Husband — Another new dress! Where do you suppose I shall get the money from to pay for it? Wife—You would excuse me. I didn't marry you to give you financial advice.

[illegible]

Toad Superstitions.

Superstitions as to toads having been early inculcated, it has been exceedingly difficult to get rid of them. One remnant of this ancient credulity still exists. It is in regard to the absolute imperishable character of the toad. There are well educated Americans who believe that a toad hops out alive from a slab of stone though he has been imprisoned there for several millions of years. We give in brief Dr. Buckland's experiments with toads in 1825. He took twelve toads and had the toads put in twelve cells cut in sandstone, and over these he put plates of glass. They were buried in a garden for over a year. When exhumed they were all dead. Then some were put in porous sandstone, and at the end of a year a few were found "greatly emaciated." When buried for another year, they all died. Toads were inclosed in wood, and they all died. The conclusion is that, deprived of atmosphere or without food, toads must die. If a toad as a tadpole could have entered a crevice in a rock, it might have grown, but would have died in time for want of air and food. This toad nonsense is so ineradicable that it is supposable it never can be dissipated.

Pellisson's Little Adventure.

Pellisson, the famous French historian, was frightfully ugly. One day as he was walking down the street a beautiful lady took him by the hand and conducted him into a house close by. Dazzled by the lady's charms and flattering himself that this adventure could not possibly entail any unpleasant consequences, he had not the strength to offer any resistance. His fair captor introduced him to the master of the house, saying:

"Line for line, exactly like [illegible]" whereupon she took her departure.

Pellisson, on recovering from his astonishment, demanded an explanation. The master of the house, after sundry apologies, confessed that he was a painter.

"I have undertaken," he added, "to supply the lady with a picture of the 'Temptation In the Wilderness.' We have been debating for a couple of hours as to the mode of representing the tempter, and she ended by saying that she wished me to take you for a model."—Revue Anecdotique.

The Judge Sinned Too.

Wirt Gerrare, in his volume on Greater Russia," says that in the czar's country one may not call another a fool. There is a Scriptural injunction against that, and it is consequently a legal offense too. Not long ago a "vint" player called his partner a fool for needlessly trumping their trick. The offended man brought his accuser before the court. The culprit pleaded provocation and, knowing that the judge was a passionate follower of the national game, explained the matter in detail. The judge became interested and got excited as the particulars of the play were given. "I took the trick with my queen, and, instead of throwing away, my partner played the king!" shouted the accuser. "The fool!" said the judge. Then be hastily dismissed the case.

The Berry He Was.

When Bishop Berry of the Methodist Episcopal church was a young preacher he once gave a lecture in a rural community. Wishing to be witty, he announced to his audience that he was a berry and called upon them to state what kind of berry. Nearly every berry known in the vicinity was guessed, and the speaker refused to share the qualities of any of those named. At last an old lady who was not sympathetic with the seeming levity of the lecturer, arose and exclaimed in a squeaky voice: "I know what kind of a berry you are. You are a gooseberry and a very green one at that. Go on with the lecture." And the lecturer did quickly.—Christian Work.

Animal Shells.

It is a curious fact that the shells of certain animals, such as cephalopods, brachipods and some bivalves, are commonly marked by retrogressive changes as age advances. "The old man returns to second childhood in mind and body," states a well known scientist at Washington, "and the shell of the cephalopod has in old age, however distinct and highly ornamental the adult, very close resemblance to its own young."

Started Early Enough.

"I want to talk to you, Mary, about that young man of yours," said her father. "When did he say good night to you last evening?"

"At 10 o'clock," replied the fair girl.

"What? Why, it was 1 o'clock at least!"

"Oh, that was when he finished saying it!"—Philadelphia Ledger.

His Second Book.

"Your first book, if it is a success generally leads to the success of the second," remarked a rising author.

"Yes, indeed," said another. "It was the success of my first book that made my second. My second book," he added, "was a bank book."

Old Age and Rushing.

You may join the mile a minute class, but no oil has been discovered yet that will keep all the cogs in condition. Good old age was never a sequel to a rush.—Manchester Union.

Modern Irish.

As a professional student of languages I have no hesitation in saying that modern Irish is more difficult than ancient Greek.—Manchester Guardian.

If the poor cannot always get meat, the rich man cannot always digest it.—[illegible]

Lamb Woven Wire Fence

Will sell at Reduced Price to clear out quickly. Now is the time to take advantage

YOU WANT TO SAVE MONEY? SEE US.

J. W. Hill and Son.

$4,000 Stock

BOOTS & SHOES, CROCKERY, DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,

ALL MUST GO AT COST!
25 PER CENT OFF!!

Now is the Chance to get Clothing Cheap.

COME AND SEE

The Blue Front Store

Best Business Lots in Taber and Vicinity

can be had by buying from us

City and Farm Property to Suit all

H. F. Annable

Notice to the Public

The undersigned builders and contractors are prepared to furnish plans and specifications for buildings of all kinds and sizes. Address them at the Taber hotel.

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Builders and Contractors

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Attention

Call on us when in need of Doors, Windows and Sashes and all Kinds of Mill Work, Mail orders will have our prompt attention

The Medicine Hat Lumber & Manufacturing Co.
Medicine Hat

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Wheelright in connection All work guaranteed

Horse Shoeing and Plow Work our specialty.

Pioneer Feed and Livery Stables

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Special preparations for land-seekers

Good rigs, reliable horses, single or double, saddle outfits etc

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All work guaranteed in every way

Estimates given on all classes of buildings

New Shoe Shop

Having opened up a Boot and Shoe shop I am prepared to do all kinds of REPAIRING in first class style. Your patronage sol'd.

S. S. BENNETT

COAL, Domestic & Steam

To be reopened for shipping on MONDAY, AUG. 19th.

The **Wilcox** mine by

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Local orders and car lots will be promptly filled.

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GENERAL BLACKSMITHS

Practical Horseshoers
Satisfaction Guaranteed

Shop Opposite Reliance Trading Co

HAMMER

THE REAL ESTATE DEALER

Is selling building lots in the water belt at 50 dollars each on easy terms.

Also pick supply of dwellings and acre lots

THOS. IRVINE

GENERAL MERCHANT

Fresh, clean stock of groceries and dry goods always on hand

[illegible] ALBERTA.

The Marathon Mystery

A Story of Manhattan

By BURTON E. STEVENSON

Author of "The Holladay Case"

Copyright, 1904, by Henry Holt and Company

(Continued)

"Did your shot hit him?" asked Simmonds.

"I don't know. I think not. He showed no sign of being wounded."

Simmonds stood looking at her. Godfrey turned to an examination of the opposite wall.

"Miss Croydon's shot went wild," he said, curiously elated at this confirmation of her story. "Here's the bullet," and he pointed to it imbedded in the woodwork of the bedroom door.

Simmonds took a look at it, then he returned to the inquiry.

"Did you know this intruder?" he asked.

"No, sir. I'd never before seen him," she answered steadily.

"Will you describe him?"

She closed her eyes, seemingly in an effort at recollection.

"He was a short, heavy set man," she said at last, "with a dark face and dark mustache, which turned up at the ends. That is all I can remember."

"And dressed how?"

"In dark clothes. He wore a slouch hat, I think, drawn down over the eyes I didn't see the face clearly."

The answer came without hesitation, but it seemed to Godfrey that there was in the voice an accent of forced sincerity.

"What did he do with the bar of iron?" asked Simmonds.

"As soon as he struck the blow, I think he—he threw it down. I remember hearing it fall"—

"Yes—here it is," said Godfrey triumphantly, and fished it out from under a chair which stood near the wall. "But see, Simmonds, it's not a bar, it's a pipe."

Simmonds examined it. It was an ordinary piece of iron piping about fifteen inches in length.

"Her story seems to be straight," he said in an undertone to Godfrey. "What do you think about it?"

"I think she's perfectly innocent of any crime," answered Godfrey, with conviction. He had his doubts as to the absolute straightness of her story, but he concluded to keep them to himself.

"Well, there's nothing more to be learned out here," remarked Simmonds, after another glance around.

"Suppose we take a look at the other room," and he led the way toward the inner door."

It was an ordinary bedroom of moderate size and with a single closet, in which a few soiled clothes were hanging. The bed had been lain upon, and evidently by a person fully dressed, for there were marks of muddy shoes upon the counterpane, fresh marks as of one who had come in during the evening's storm. An empty whisky bottle lay on a little table near the bed.

"I guess Thompson was a boozer," observed Simmonds.

"Yes," agreed Godfrey, "his face showed that pretty plainly."

"Well, the man we're after ain't in here; we'll have to search the house."

"Can't we let Miss Croydon go home? She won't run away—I'll answer for that. Besides, there's nothing against her."

Simmonds pondered a minute.

"Yes, I suppose so," he said at last. "Of course she'll have to appear at the inquest. Do you know her address?"

"Yes; 21 East Sixty-ninth street."

Simmonds jotted it down in his notebook.

"All right," he said. "You'd better take her down to her cab."

"I'll see her down to her cab. What are you going to do?"

"I'm going to quiz the janitor and then search the house. Maybe the other fellow hasn't had a chance to get away yet. I wonder what's going on out there?" he added as they returned together to the other room.

They could hear a commotion of some sort in the hall, the hum of many voices, the shuffling of many feet.

The commotion swelled to an uproar as Simmonds opened the door and closed it quickly behind him. Godfrey heard his voice raised in angry expostulation, and he chuckled grimly to himself as he turned to Miss Croydon.

He gazed at her with interest, searchingly, pondering how best to surprise her secret—at the bent head, with its crown of dark hair, shadowed by a little velvet hat; at the rounded arms, the graceful figure.

He paused yet a moment, looking at her, at the slender hands, the little ear, and he pictured to himself what her training had been, how she had been fenced away from the rough places of the world, the unpleasant things of life. Certainly she could never have committed such a crime as this or even connived at it.

Yet she had lied—deliberately and distinctly she had lied. She had told him that she had never before seen the dead man. She had told Simmonds just the opposite. Which was the truth? Doubtless the first. Her first impulse would be to speak the truth. Afterward, at leisure for a moment, she had mastered her agitation, had thought out the lie, and had uttered it with surprising calmness.

"May I see you to your cab, Miss Croydon?" he asked.

"To my cab?" she repeated, half rising. "I may go, then? I am free? You have not"—

"Betrayed you?" he finished as she stopped suddenly. "No, I don't intend to. Whether you know the man yonder or not, I don't for an instant believe you killed him."

"Oh, I didn't!" she cried. "I did my best to save him. But it was done so quickly. I didn't understand until too late."

"Nevertheless," continued Godfrey evenly, "I think you're wrong in trying to protect the scoundrel who did."

The color faded suddenly from her face.

"To protect him?" she faltered.

"I'm sure you know him. You could place him in the hands of the police if you wished to do"—

The door opened and a man came in [illegible] faced man of middle age, who [illegible] to Godfrey and threw a quick, penetrating glance at his companion. Behind him the clamor burst out anew: various heads appeared in the doorway, various eager faces sought to peer into the room, but the newcomer calmly closed the door and assured himself that it was locked. He looked at Godfrey again, then expectantly at the girl.

"Miss Croydon," said Godfrey, "this is Coroner Goldberg, whose duty it is to investigate this affair, and who may wish to ask you some questions."

"Only a few at present," began the coroner in a voice soft and deferential, as only he knew how to make it. How often, with that voice, had he led a witness on and on to his own ruin! "You were the only witness of this tragedy, I believe, Miss Croydon?"

"Yes, sir."

"Are you acquainted with the murderer?"

"No, sir."

"But you could identify him if the police succeed in capturing him?"

"Oh, yes, sir."

"You have already given Mr. Simmonds a description of him?"

"Yes, sir; as well as I could."

"And told him the whole story?"

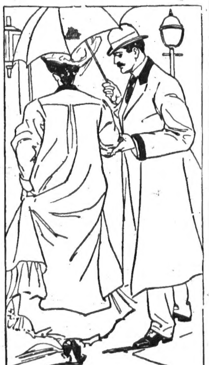
"Yes, sir—the whole story."

"Except one detail, I believe. You did not explain how you came to be in this room. Will you tell me that?"

"I do not think it concerns the police, sir."

"You would better let me judge of that; if it does not concern the police, I promise you it shall go no further. I persist," continued Goldberg, "because I think that perhaps the story may help us to identify this man."

"It won't" said Miss Croydon, "but I will tell you—briefly, this man claimed to have certain papers which concerned our family. We had never heard of him before. We know nothing about him. But I came here—to see, against the advice of my sister."



"Do me the favor to deny yourself to all callers tonight."

"Then your sister knew you were coming?"

"Oh, yes; and tried to dissuade me."

Goldberg nodded, still looking at her.

"That is all at present," he said. "Of course I shall have to summon you as a witness at the inquest."

She bowed without replying.

"One thing more," said Goldberg. "Did he have the papers? Did he give them to you?"

"No," she answered quickly. "He had no papers. He was lying."

"Then that is all," repeated the coroner. "You'd better see her to her cab, Mr. Godfrey," he added, with a little smile. "She'll need an escort."

She rose from her chair and dropped over her face a heavy veil which she had raised about her hat. Godfrey opened the door for her and followed her through. She shrank back from the mob which charged down upon her as soon as she appeared on the threshold, but Godfrey sprang forward quickly to her rescue. In a moment they were down the stairs and at the door of the cab.

"Miss Croydon," he said, leaning toward her as she took her seat, "do me the favor to deny yourself to all callers tonight."

"I shall," she agreed instantly.

CHAPTER III.

GODFREY glanced at his watch. It was after 9 o'clock. The rain had almost ceased, but the wind was still high. He turned back to the building and found the janitor sitting just inside the door. He had endured the ordeal of inquisition by police and reporters and was rather limp.

After all, Godfrey told himself, he had as yet only half the story; he must get every detail from this man, and he saw that it would be necessary to proceed delicately, for his companion's temper was evidently badly ruffled.

"Well," he began at last, "you look as though those fellows had about worn you out, Mr."—

"Higgins is my name," said the janitor. "Simon Higgins."

"Oh, yes. I remember now."

They sat together for a moment in silence, listening to the tramp of feet in the halls overhead, the opening and closing of doors, the subdued murmur of voices. At the stair foot, beyond the elevator, they caught a glimpse now and then of a policeman pacing back and forth.

"They're searchin' th' house," observed Higgins at last, with a grimace of disdain. "I turned th' keys over t' 'em. Much they'll find!"

"Nobody there, eh?" It was not really a question. It seemed more a sign of polite interest on Godfrey's part.

"I ought t' know. I told 'em they wasn't nobody there. Ain't I been here all evenin' 'cept fer that minute I run acrost th' street? Nobody in nor out, 'cept th' girl, not since 7 o'clock. That was about th' time that there Thompson come in too drunk t' stand. He'd never 'a' got home in th' world by hisself, but they was a feller with him, a-holdin' him up."

Godfrey was listening with strained attention. There were many questions he wished to ask, but he dared not interrupt.

"Well, we got him upstairs atween us. An' then, when I went through his pockets, I couldn't find his key, an' I had t' come down an' git mine afore I could git his door open. We laid him on his bed an' left him there, a-snorin' like a hog. That feller who was with him was certainly a good sort. He set down here t' talk t' me awhile—it was rainin' so hard he couldn't go—an' he said he'd run acrost Thompson down at Pete Magraw's place on Sixth avenoo. Thompson was treatin' everybody an' actin' like a fool ginerally. Then he got bad an' started t' clean out th' saloon, an' Pete was goin' t' call a cop, but this feller said he'd bring him home, an' so he did."

Higgins stopped to take breath, and Godfrey ventured to put a question.

"Did you know him?"

"No. I never seed him afore."

"What sort of a looking fellow was he?"

"A good lookin' feller, well dressed—no bum, I ken tell y' that. He was short an' heavy set, with a little black mustache that turned up at th' ends."

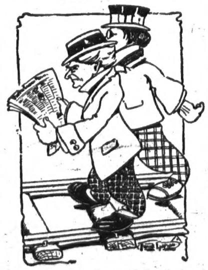
Godfrey's heart gave a sudden leap—so Miss Croydon had told the truth after all!

"And then what happened?" he asked. "I suppose this fellow went away?"

"Oh, yes; he stayed here talkin' quite awhile—he started t' go onct or twice, but th' rain was too bad. But about 8 o'clock he said he couldn't stay no longer, rain 'r no rain, an' was jest buttonin' up his coat when a cab drove up an' a woman got out. She had a thick veil on so's I couldn't see her face, but from her style I judged she was a high flier. She come up t' me an' she says, 'I want t' go t' apartment fourteen—Mr. Thompson.' 'Madam,' says I, 'I wouldn't if I was you.' 'Why,' she asked, quick like, 'ain't he there?' 'He's there,' says I, 'but he ain't in no condition t' see a lady.' 'Never mind,' says she, 'I'll go up.' 'All right,' says I. 'I'll be back in a minute,' I added t' my friend. 'No,' he says, 'I can't wait; I must be goin',' an' he started toward th' door. 'Well, good night,' I says, an' stepped into th' car an' started it.

(To Be Continued)

Between Friends.



Mr. Hamnfatt—I say, McBooth, here's an article about a fellow who walked around the world.

Mr. McBooth.—An actor, by Jove!—Washington Star.

Hope.

"Do you think," he asked her younger sister, "there is any hope for me? I have tried four times to persuade her to say yes, but she always puts me off. I shall not care to live if she finally refuses me."

"Hope on, Charley. She may keep putting you off, but she's busy getting stuff for her wedding outfit."—Chicago Record-Herald.

LETTING A FLAT.

The Agent Found There Were Two Sides to the Question.

The agent of the building did not like the looks of the man who wanted to rent the second floor flat.

"We require the peyment of the rental monthly in advance, of course," he said.

"That will be all right," answered the man. "The rooms suit me, and I am willing to pay a year in advance if necessary."

"You don't object to music perhaps? There's a piano on the first floor and a harp and zither on the third."

"No objection to that. I am fond of all kinds of music."

"We don't take renters who have children, you know."

"We haven't any. My family consists of my wife, myself and a grown son."

"Also we require the best of references."

"Here they are."

The agent looked at them and handed them back.

"They are all right. I'll have to let you in. You are fortunate, Mr. Spondoo, in getting the apartment at this particular time. By order of Mr. Hunks I have had all the rooms thoroughly"—

"Does old Hunks own this building?"

"Certainly. As I was saying"—

"Great Scott! The only object I have in moving is to get out of one of old Hunks' apartment houses. I wouldn't [illegible]. No, thanks. I can find my way out without any assistance. Morning, sir."

THE STRAWBERRY.

It Was First Cultivated by a Blind King of Hungary.

Where Eperies, the picturesque Hungarian town, is now surrounded by beautiful gardens and fruited fields there was at the time of King Bela II, nothing but thick wilderness. Once this blind and unhappy sovereign was traveling in his realm. It was a hot, sultry summer day, and while searching for a shady spot in which to rest he became lost. Deadly tired in consequence of his long wandering, he asked his attendants for a drink of water. They seated him on the soft, green grass in the cool shade of big old trees, and then the cavaliers separated to hunt for a refreshing spring.

Meanwhile the king wanted to find out more about his resting place and began to grope about him with his hands. Thus he discovered strawberries growing all about him, says the New York Herald. He ate them; so, partly quenching his thirst, he waited quietly for his gentlemen. After a short time they returned, some with empty cups, some with pearly spring water.

The king then said to his attendants: "Have the trees cut down around this place where my hands found the refreshing strawberries. Here shall rise a town whose name shall be Eperies (strawberry), in remembrance of this day for all time."

As the king commanded so it was. The wilderness was cleared, and in its place is a town whose arms carry the strawberry even today.

His Idea of Scoring.

At a country cricket match in Lanarkshire a local farmer's boy was appointed scorer, his duties being carefully explained to him. The first inning was not very productive of runs and soon came to an end, and every one made a rush for the scorer. Judge of their surprise, however, when they found that not a single mark had been made in the carefully ruled book that had been provided.

When reproached in somewhat strong terms the boy was not in the least disconcerted, but with the most ingenuous air in the world said:

"I was sae eenterested in the sport that I quite forgot to mak' the crosses. But it disna matter—that wee laddie wi' the red face is the smartest runner among ye."—London Tit-Bits.

Arms and the Tax.

There are sufficient people in England and Scotland paying the annual tax imposed by the inland revenue upon the use of armorial bearings to produce a sum of $350,000 each year. The great bulk of this sum is paid by people who care not an atom either about their family of their arms, but pay the tax regularly simply because they have carriages or plate heraldically decorated. The really old families of the realm, however, use armorial emblems for decorative purposes to an extent almost incredible in the eyes of those familiar with them only on note paper, table silver and carriage panels.

A Curiosity.

Polite Shopman (showing goods)—Here is something I would like to call your attention to, madam. It is the very latest thing out. Mrs. Rounder (absently)—If there's anything out later than my husband I'll take it, if only for a curiosity.

A Fellow Feeling.

"I don't believe," said Mrs. Henry Peck, "that I would be afraid of a man eating tiger."

"I don't believe you'd need to, M'ria," responded Hen Peck. "He'd recognize a kindred spirit."

No Ballast Needed.

A dear old lady, on reading that several aerolites weighing five hundredweight each had fallen in the Ghazipur district of India, remarked that these balloonists appeared to be astonishingly heavy people.

At the end of some generations races perish or degenerate in towns. It is necessary to renew them, and it is always the country which furnishes this renewal.—Rousseau.

Akin to Love

By LOUISE MERRIFIELD.

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The door of room 14, primary department, opened very slowly, very contritely, and a small, anxious, freckled face peeked in. Miss Orvis turned from the blackboard at a smothered giggle from the children and saw the freckled face.

"Come in, Hardy." The curving line of her pretty, sympathetic mouth straightened with sudden determination. It was the fourth time that week that Hardy Andrews had come in late, and even the children were beginning to look upon it as a joke. Discipline must be enforced, even when the delinquent is only seven and a half. Miss Orvis left the blackboard with "I see a bird" half finished and stepped forward to meet Hardy.

He was smiling comfortably in his half shy, half roguish way and flirting openly with Marguerite Maguire in the front seat.

"Hardy, you are late again."

"Yessum," said Hardy happily.

"It's the fourth time this week, Hardy. Have you any excuse?"

"No'm." Hardy rubbed one shoe over the toe of the other and tried to jam his stockinet cap into his side trousers pocket.

"Why didn't your mother write one for you?"

It was so still in the large, sunny schoolroom you could hear the clock tick high up on the wall and the buzzing of the flies over near the open window where the rows of geraniums stood, but slowly the color mounted in Hardy's little, thin, freckled face, and after a minute he looked up at Miss Orvis, his big blue eyes filled with a half apologetic bewilderment.

"I never had any mother." The silence was worse than ever. Miss Orvis caught her breath and looked at the rest of the children to see what horrible effect the announcement had made on them, but they were only interested and joyous over the diversion. Hardy caught the look and hastened to cover his mistake.

"But I got a father, Miss Orvis, all right. I'm Reddy Lane's kid, and Reddy's a watchman over on the bridge at night, and he don't get home till most 10 o'clock in the morning, and that's why I'm late, 'cause I like to have breakfast with him."

Miss Orvis hesitated, but the blue eyes pleaded well their cause, and she smiled as she laid one hand on Reddy Lane's kid's head.

But somehow all the morning she caught herself musing on the child who had no mother. It was a tragedy, of course—some stormy, tear swept page of life from the great city's underworld and only this bit of wreckage left to tell the story. Tears welled to her own lashes once or twice as she watched Hardy's small, eager face, so trusting and foolishly happy when he had nothing in the whole world to be happy for except the mere fact that he was alive.

As the lines were forming at noon she touched Hardy on the shoulder and told him to wait a minute at her desk, and the little fellow obeyed, watching the rest of the boys proudly from his post on teacher's chair. And when all was still in the great building Miss Orvis came back and took him on her lap.

"Your papa's a watchman, you say, dear, over on the bridge?" she began, but Hardy interposed hastily.

"Oh, no, not my father—that's Reddy. I never had any father. I'm a foundling kid, Reddy says, and his mother rented me, and then she died, and Reddy adopted me his own self, so now I'm his kid."

"Oh, I see." Miss Orvis leaned back in her chair and gazed at the cheerful little face. "And you and Reddy live on Cherry street?"

"Yessum. We got a room with the Battersons, a whole room of our own, just for Reddy and me. And the Battersons have only got one room left for their own selves, and there's six of 'em."

"You don't say so." Miss Orvis caught the lonesome little figure close in her arms. "Is—is Reddy good to you?"

"You bet he is," came the smothered gasp from her shoulder. "He never hits me, and he takes me out on the big bridge with him nights and lets me see the lights on the river and the boats and the trains and everything. He's fine to me. When I said you scolded me 'cause I was late, he said it was a —— shame."

There was a sudden noise at the door behind them, a queer hasty noise, half a cough, half a choked explosion of laughter, and Miss Orvis stood up quickly.

"Hello, Red! This is teacher."

It was the only introduction they ever had, those two, and neither ever forgot the moment. Flushing to the curls of her soft dark hair, Pauline Orvis saw before her Reddy Lane of Cherry street. He was tall and broad shouldered, this watchman on the big bridge, blue eyed, with keen, unswerving gaze, strong jawed, with a mouth close lipped and short fair hair that curled crisply back from his young, resolute face. In his navy blue sweater he looked like a college boy, but the hands that held his cap were the hands of the toiler.

"I just run around after the kid there," he explained, lowering his voice as if he were in a sanctuary. "He's always home as soon as the rest, and I'm worried when he don't show up. They don't leave enough of a little chap like that to shovel up after a street car fender rolls him under, and I get fussy when he don't hustle in. I didn't know you'd kept him. What's the row?"

"Why, nothing, nothing at all," Miss Orvis said hurriedly. Just why she should be excited or confused over a caller from Cherry street she could not have told herself, but the steady, anxious, admiring gaze of Reddy's blue eyes was disturbing her customary tranquillity and dignity. "I was only having a quiet little chat with Hardy. I wondered why he was late so often."

"It's my fault," protested Reddy hastily. "You see, ma'am, I'm up all night on the bridge, and I don't get home till about 9, and the kid here likes to eat with me. The Battersons never give him anything, and it's up to me to see that he gets his feed. And I don't want him to go to school hungry."

"No, indeed," said Miss Orvis emphatically. Then she hesitated. Hardy had wandered over to the colored charts and was busy. She lowered her voice as she asked, "Hasn't he any one at all—I mean any one of his own people?"

"No, ma'am," Reddy answered earnestly. "My mother got him out of the foundlings when he was about two months old. They lets the kids out up there, you know, two-fifty a week, and the old lady thinks maybe it would be company for her with me away nights. His father took a tumble off a ferryboat, and just as she was leaving Hardy up at the foundlings his mother flopped all to once and died too. So I took him when my mother died last winter, and the two of us has bachelors' hall over on Cherry street."

"It was very kind of you." Miss Orvis tried to say more, but the words would not come. It was all so brief, so simple and awful, this little tragedy of the very poor man.

"I haven't been sorry I did it. There's always enough for him, and I'd like to give him a chance. He's thoroughbred all right."

"Perhaps I can help, too," said Miss Orvis hesitatingly, half shyly. "I'd like to ever so much."

Reddy's clear, anxious eyes looked at her longingly. In her trim, girlish way, with the glamour of another world about her, a world apart from the "bridge" and Cherry street, she seemed to typify all he wanted his little thoroughbred to attain.

"I could take him with me over to the settlement," she went on, "any evening or afternoon perhaps," with a swift uplift of her long lashes at him. "Perhaps you might like it, too, Mr. Lane?"

Like it? Reddy walked on tiptoe all the way downstairs, his eyes still full of a wonder like those of a dream haunted child, and Hardy had to dodge the trolleys himself at the Bowery crossing.

The next night as Pauline Orvis went up the steps of the Endeavor settlement she found the two already there, waiting patiently. And as she laid her hand in the warm, strong grip of Reddy Lane she felt as though fate had laid a trap for love, with sympathy as snare.

And after that night a queer thing happened to the teacher in room 14. Every morning as she stood at the head of the stairs, with the two lines of small boys passing her, all at once the color would rise in her cheeks as Hardy drew near, for not a single morning passed that he did not bear a love offering of fresh violets. He confided to her the very first morning where they came from.

"Red gets them from an old man on the bridge every morning fresh. He says they look like you."

One night toward the end of June they stood out on the stone balcony of the settlement house, looking down on the crowds passing below along the highway of push carts. Miss Orvis was pleading the cause of Hardy.

"Let me take him with me for the summer," she begged. "It was doing him so much good, being with me"—

"Some one else, too," murmured Reddy, but she went on:

"I am going to the mountains, and he would be so much company for me. Besides, it will give you time to study if—that is, if"—she hesitated and bent farther away from him over the broad, low parapet—"if you really intend taking the civil engineering course"—

"You know what I intend doing," he interrupted. "You know just as well as I do what you've done for the little chap and me. Of course he can go with you. I suppose I may run up now and then just to see how he's getting on."

"Oh, of course." Her voice was low and without invitation.

"And if I pass and get the Harrison appointment this fall, why, it's you that's to blame."

"Blame?" The word left her startled and vaguely frightened.

"That's what I said. You've taken and encouraged me the same as you have the boy and made both of us love you to death. Oh, you know it's so all right. And if I do win out and make something of myself it's you that made me try and feel it was worth while. Before I was only thinking of the boy and working for him, but now"—

"Yes?" He could hardly catch her whisper, but his hand suddenly crushed over hers as it lay lightly beside him.

"Now it's for you and me. Can I come if I win the appointment?"

Down in the street below some one was playing on a harp, while a ring of children danced and sang the chorus of a popular song. The words floated up to the shadowy balcony:

"Life is so short that when we die
'Tis time enough to say goodby."

She turned her face to his.

"Come anyway," she said.

THE IDEAL LAXATIVE
MADE FROM
CORRECTIVES AND ADJUVANTS.

MAN-A-LIN

Copyright 1906, by The Manalin Co.

MAN-A-LIN Is An Excellent Remedy for Constipation.

There are many ailments directly dependent upon constipation, such as biliousness, discolored and pimpled skin, inactive liver, dyspepsia, overworked kidneys and headache.

Remove constipation and all of these ailments disappear.

MAN-A-LIN can be relied upon to produce a gentle action of the bowels, making pills and drastic cathartics entirely unnecessary.

A dose or two of Man-a-lin is advisable in slight febrile attacks, la grippe, colds and influenza.

THE MAN-A-LIN CO.,
COLUMBUS, OHIO, U. S. A.

A Scotch Excuse

A canny Scot was brought before a magistrate on the charge of being drunk and disorderly. "What have you to say for yourself, sir?" demanded the magistrate. "You look like a respectable man, and ought to be ashamed to stand there."

"I am verra sorry, sir, but I cam' up in bad company frae Glasgie," humbly replied the prisoner.

"What sort of company?"

"A lot of teetotalers!" was the startling response.

"Do you mean to say teetotalers are bad company?" thundered the magistrate. "I think they are the best of company for such as you."

"Beggin' yer pardon, sir," answered the prisoner; "yer wrong, for I had a bottle of whusky, an' I had to drink it all myself!"—Reynolds' Newspaper.

HOW'S THIS?

We offer One Hundred Dollars Reward for any case of Catarrh that cannot be cured by Hall's Catarrh Cure. F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O.

We, the undersigned, have known F. J. Cheney for the last 15 years, and believe him perfectly honorable in all business transactions and financially able to carry out any obligations made by his firm.

WALDING, KINNAN & MARVIN,
Wholesale Druggists, Toledo, O

Hall's Catarrh Cure is taken internally, acting directly upon the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. Testimonials sent free. Price 75c. per bottle. Sold by all Druggists.

Take Hall's Family Pills for constipation.

They were trying to explain to the Australian bushman the principle of the curved ball.

"That's all rot," he said. "It's easy enough to throw a boomerang so it will turn around and come back to you, but nobody can make me believe you can throw a round ball so it will describe a curve. These nature fakirs make me tired."

Tess—Mr. Wise is an agnostic, isn't he?

Jess—The idea! What made you think that?

Tess—Miss Passay told me he didn't believe the Bible.

Jess—Oh, she means their family Bible in which the record of her birth is entered. He noticed that the date had been tampered with.—Philadelphia Press.

A Hair Dressing

If you wish a high-class hair dressing, we are sure Ayer's Hair Vigor, new improved formula, will greatly please you. It keeps the hair soft and smooth, makes it look rich and luxuriant, prevents splitting at the ends. And it keeps the scalp free from dandruff.

Does not change the color of the hair.

Ayer's

Formula with each bottle
Show it to your doctor
Ask him about it, then do as he says

At the same time the new Ayer's Hair Vigor is a strong hair tonic, promoting the growth of the hair, keeping all the tissues of the hair and scalp in a healthy condition. The hair stops falling, dandruff disappears. A splendid dressing.

—Made by the J. C. Ayer Co., Lowell, Mass.—

RAILROAD WRECKERS.

More Strenuous Workers Than Fire Fighters In Big Cities.

The career of the wrecker on a big railroad is like that of a fireman in the fire department of a big city, only more strenuous. Like the fireman, the wrecker is on duty every second day and night, and, like the fireman, the wrecker braves blizzards and sleet storms, often facing hardships and cruel suffering and even death for the saving of life and property. But whereas even in emergency the fireman never covers an area greater than the most populous section of a city—the line traversed by the wrecker covers a hundred or more miles—and whereas the fireman is in touch with at least such comforts as he may snatch while on his feet, not infrequently the wrecker is landed in the heart of a wilderness miles and miles from the nearest town, and the pangs of hunger are added to privation.

Sometimes when a big wreck has happened and cars and engines are piled high on crushed and mangled bodies the wrecker is rushed through darkness and snowdrift to work from twenty-four to forty-eight hours without even a chance to take his cap off, and just as his "job" is nearly completed along comes another alarm that sends him sixty or seventy miles in an opposite direction, where box cars and coal cars have heaped themselves thirty feet high, paralyzing the road and costing thousands of dollars' worth of loss in time and prestige almost every hour.

Despite these hardships, the danger, the excitement and the bustle of the work endear it to the men.—A. W. Rolker in Appleton's.

EASY FOR MORPHY.

Story of the Great Chess Master and a Celebrated Painting.

Paul Morphy, on his visit to Philadelphia, was the guest of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. H. On his arrival at the minister's home the chess master was first ushered into the library, and his attention was at once attracted by a painting over the mantel, which was a fine copy of a celebrated painting representing a game of chess between a young man and the devil, the stake being the young man's soul.

The artist had most graphically depicted the point in the game where it was apparently the young man's move, and he seemed just to realize the fact that he had lost the game, the agony of despair being shown in every line of his features and attitude, while the devil from the opposite side of the table gloated over him with fiendish delight. The position of the game appeared utterly hopeless for the young man, and Mr. H. said he had often set it up and studied it with his chess friends, and all agreed the young man's game was certainly lost.

Mr. Morphy walked up to the picture and studied it for several minutes, when finally, turning to Mr. H., he said:

"I can win the game for the young man."

Mr. H. was of course astonished and said, "Is it possible?"

Mr. Morphy replied, "Get out the men and board and let us look at it."

The position was set up, and in a few rapid moves he demonstrated a complete win for the young man, and the devil was checkmated.

Rice at Weddings.

At a wedding breakfast, according to What to Eat, a bridesmaid was heard to tell the true reason for rice being used at weddings. It was once believed that if on their wedding journey a newly wedded couple saw a flock of doves it would mean a long life of peace and happiness to them. A bridal party in passing so frightened a flock of these timid birds that they flew away in great alarm, and to avert the evil omen that their flight signified for the newly married couple rice was thrown in great quantities to lure the birds back to the place from which they had flown. This plan was so successful that the wedded pair went on their way rejoicing and lived ever afterward a happy and prosperous life. Since then rice has been used as a symbol of good luck, peace and happiness at weddings.

Variations of Cards.

There are an enormous number of possible variations of cards in card games. Every man when he takes up his cards at whist holds one out of 635,013,559,600 possible hands. The total number of variations possible among all players is so great as almost to exceed belief. It has been calculated that if a million men were to be engaged in dealing cards at the rate of one deal every minute day and night for 100,000,000 years they would have exhausted only a hundred-thousandth part of the variations of the cards.

Rome.

Rome is an eternal study. One of the popes asked some strangers whether they had been in Rome for days or weeks or for months.

"If you have been here but a short time," he said, "you may not return. but if you have been here for months you are sure to come back."—Boston Herald.

A Great Scheme.

Young Husband—When my wife first began to do her own cooking we were having company every day—tiresome relatives, colleagues, so called friends. Gradually they all dropped off. and then we engaged a good cook.—Fliegende Blatter.

You are not very good unless you are better than your best friends imagine you to be.—Lavater.

CHILDREN! Do you want a Painting Book?

It's FREE.

Ask your mother to send us her name and address and we'll send you one of these splendid Painting Books with the colors all ready to use. We'll also send a quarter-pound package of Celluloid Starch for your mother to try next ironing day.

Celluloid Starch

The Brantford Starch Works, Limited
Brantford, Canada

The Limit

"The simple life for me," said the first woman.

"But where are your social ambitions?" asked her friend.

"Oh, that's all over. When I was asked to join an appendicitis excursion to a fashionable sanatorium I just had to draw the line."—Philadelphia Ledger.

A Merry Heart Goes All the Day.—But one cannot have a merry heart if he has a pain in the back or a cold with a racking cough. To be merry one must be well and free from aches and pains. Dr. Thomas' Eclectric Oil will relieve all pains, muscular or otherwise, and for the speedy treatment of colds and coughs it is a splendid medicine.

Butcher—Come, John, be lively now. Break the bones in Mr. Simpson's chops and put Mr. Smith's ribs in your basket.

John—All right, sir; just as soon as I've sawed off Mr. Murphy's leg.—Tit-Bits.

I bought a horse with a supposedly incurable ringbone for $30. Cured him with $1.00 worth of MINARD'S LINIMENT and sold him for $85.00. Profit on Liniment, $54.00.

MOISE DEROSCE.
Hotel Keeper, St. Phillippe, Que.

Mother—Mercy, child, how do you get your hands so dirty? You never saw mine as dirty as that!

Child—No; but I guess grandma did!—Philadelphia Inquirer.

Biggs—Bifkins is a man who never is at a loss when it comes to choosing a word.

Diggs—No, but he chooses so many words that are only printed in dashes.—Chicago News.

Holloway's Corn Cure is the medicine to remove all kinds of corns and warts, and only costs the small sum of twenty-five cents.

The pampered spaniel rode by in an automobile. "That's what I call cruelty to animals," remarked a mongrel of the street. "That fat dog never knew the joy of fighting over a bone in this life."—Philadelphia Ledger.

Mother (to her daughter)—Don't hold your dress up so high, Elsie; it doesn't look nice.

Elsie—Well, why did you buy me such pretty stockings, mother?—Meggendorfer Blaetter.

ENGLISH SPAVIN LINIMENT removes all hard, soft or calloused lumps and blemishes, from horses, blood spavin, curbs, splints, ringbone, sweeney, stifles, sprains, sore and swollen throat, coughs, etc. Save $50 by use of one bottle. Warranted the most wonderful Blemish Cure ever known.

Took His Number.

"So the big touring car came within an inch of running down your bronco?" said the new arrival. "Did you take the number?"

"You bet I did, pard," replied Amber Pete, as he jubilantly displayed a piece of punctured tin. "I took it right off at the second shot. Here it is."—Chicago Daily News.

Slightly Otherwise

"I'd like to see the cashier," said the bank depositor.

"So would I," replied the president of the bank, "but he's out of town."

"Ah! Gone for a rest, I presume?" said the bank depositor.

"No," answered the bank president. "He went to avoid arrest."—Chicago

The Czar's Occupation.

Michael Ivanovich—"What has become of our Little Father?"

"He is occupied with universal peace."—Le Cri de Paris.

ROOF RIGHT NOW

There is one roof that saves money because it will last 100 years. Guaranteed in writing for 25 years.

"OSHAWA" GALVANIZED STEEL SHINGLES

This roof saves you work because its so easy to put on (do it yourself with a hammer and snips), and save you worry because they fireproof, windproof and weather-proof the building they cover. Write us about it and hear all about ROOFING RIGHT. Address

The PEDLAR People
Oshawa Montreal Ottawa Toronto London Winnipeg

AN INSECT PLAGUE.

The Mosquitoes That Infest the Region of Lake Nyassa.

In his book "From the Cape to Cairo" E. S. Grogan writes: "The Kungu fly, which is peculiar to Lake Nyassa, resembles small May flies, and at certain seasons of the year they rise from the water in such stupendous clouds that they blot out the whole horizon. Seen in the distance they have exactly the appearance of a rainstorm coming across the lake. When they are blown landward they make every place uninhabitable by the stench which arises from the countless millions that lodge and die on every inch of sheltered ground. I myself have seen them lying a foot deep in a room, and I was told that they are often much worse. The natives sweep them up and make cakes of them.

"Biting and poisonous ants are another pest, but the mosquito is the great enemy of man. It was absolutely necessary to turn in half an hour before sunset and to make all the preparations for the night. I piled all my belongings round the edge of my net and kept a green wood fire burning at each end, and then I lay inside, smoked the native tobacco and prayed for morning. As soon as the sun went down the mosquitoes started operations.

"It was like having a tame whirlwind in one's tent. They could not possibly have been worse. Every night 200 or 300 contrived to enter my net—I have no idea how. The most pernicious and poisonous kind was a very small black mosquito that might possibly have penetrated the mesh. I used to turn out in the morning perfectly dazed from the amount of poison that had been injected during the night."

CUNNING OF MUSKRATS.

Foresight With Which These Animals Build Winter Homes.

In the month of March, before the rivers have opened, on the snow around the heads of the creeks and about the airholes in the thick ice may be seen the curious trail of the muskrat. It can readily be recognized by the firmly planted footmarks, heavily and slowly impressed, and the sharp after drag of the long, scaly, bladelike tail. All through the cold winter months these heavily furred animals have lived warm and comfortable in their well constructed houses, rearing their third and last litter. One house erected about September seemed planned with almost human foresight. Here, with their long sharp teeth and strong, inch long claws, they had cut and cleared wide paths through all the marshes—paths so deep that three feet of ice did not close them, so wide that we have often paddled along them, marveling at the great floating masses of torn up aquatic vegetation. These paths were a hundred yards long and four feet wide and were cut through a mass of tangled cover high enough in most places to thoroughly conceal a duck hunter and his canoe. In the winter months the muskrats can easily dive from their houses into these under ice channels, and the whole marsh is before them to choose their meal from. The long yellow roots of the flag and the juicy tubers of the wild onion (the muskrat apple is the more poetic Ojibway) hang exposed before them or are readily torn out.—Bonnycastle Dale in Outing Magazine.

The American Sailor.

It is related of Commodore Decatur that after he had tamed the Barbary powers, whose energies had been reawakened while the war of 1812 kept our navy busy, he set out in his flagship, the Guerriere, to make his way across the Mediterranean unattended and suddenly found himself in the midst of one of the corsair fleets which had remained in a neutral port during hostilities. The situation looked rather squally. The corsair admiral hailed, "What sheep is dat?" "The United States ship Guerriere, Commodore Decatur," was the reply. "Where you going?" was the next question. "Where I please!" thundered Decatur through the speaking trumpet, and the Guerriere proceeded unmolested. — Boston Transcript.

Man's Walk Shows Age.

"You can tell a man's age by his hands," said one of the girls. "They get knotty and veined and terrible. They get old sooner than his face."

"You can tell it most of all, I think," said the woman, "by his walk. I know a man who has been one of the brightest minds of his time who is still the best company I know, but the other day when I saw him come toward me at his home along the hall it made me awfully sad to see the heavy, old, old way in which he walked."—New York Press.

Insipid Company.

Low spirits are my true and faithful companions. They get up with me, go to bed with me, make journeys and returns as I do; nay, and pay visits and will even affect to be jocose and force a feeble laugh with me, but most commonly we sit alone together and are the prettiest insipid company in the world.—Thomas Gray.

In a Hurry.

"How did your wife like that new hat you got her?"

"She was speechless with delight."

"Say, where can I get one like it for mine?"—Cleveland Leader.

Agreed.

Wife—I'd rather starve than cook.

Husband—I'd rather starve than have you cook.—Harper's Weekly.

Every action is measured by the depth of the sentiment from which it proceeds.—Emerson.

GOOD HEALTH

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FAMOUS DETECTIVE RETIRES.

Inspector Arrow Leaves London to Organize Spanish Police.

Chief Inspector Arrow, one of the cleverest detectives at New Scotland Yard, retired on a pension.

Twenty-six years' service in the detective force, and a career distinguished by a series of professional triumphs, is the record which he will take with him to Barcelona, where he has been engaged at a large salary to inaugurate and control a department fashioned on the same lines as that at Scotland Yard.

Mr. Arrow's long list of successes as a detective began in 1886 with the gigantic watch fraud in Geneva, and as the result of his investigation two notorious swindlers were arrested in Brussels. In 1904 the mysterious disappearance of the Nelson relics from Greenwich College caused a sensation. Arrow was successful in recovering the whole of the property, besides arresting the thief.

Another case in the same year which required much hard work was the racing sweepstakes swindle, engineered from Middelburg, and the capture of the Mackenzie gang put an end to a fraud by which thousands of punters were robbed by means of placing winners of prominent races in coupon competitions. Another successful coup was placed to his credit when he arrested Dr. Bridgewater and his confederates — a band of the cleverest criminals known in modern times—for wholesale cheque forgeries.

While in charge of the detective staff at Vine street Mr. Arrow's energies were directed to the suppression of gambling clubs in the West end and it is due to him that these once thriving dens are now but rarely heard of. During his service in the Metropolitan force he received the personal thanks of the Queen for services rendered to Her Majesty.

Inspector Arrow's colleagues have presented him with a silver tea service as a souvenir of his popularity and of the esteem in which he is held.

DISMANTLED OFF CAPE HORN.

English Ship Finally Towed Into Harbor After Stirring Voyage.

A thrilling account of the sufferings of the crew of the sailing ship Dynomene, which left the Tyne for San Francisco, has been received at South Shields by the parents of John Patterson, whose son was on board. When off Cape Horn the vessel encountered a terrific storm, the sea running mountains high. Every stitch of canvas was torn into ribbons, and all movable articles were swept off the decks. The huge iron jibboom was cut clean off by a big sea, whilst another wrecked the meat safe, which weighed over a ton. Three of the seamen were terribly injured. Two managed to crawl under the forecastle head for shelter, but the third was washed about the deck, and finally got jammed between the foremast and the winch.

The master, second mate, and young Patterson crawled on their hands and knees and dragged the poor fellow by the legs into a place of safety. He was unconscious. When daylight came the vessel was almost a wreck. One of the yards had crashed through the deckhouse top, another had shattered the lifeboats, the tarpaulin was ripped off the hatches, and the decks were full of water fore and aft. A young sailor fell from the rigging into the tempestuous sea and was never seen again. The gale subsided slightly, and in trying to make Port Stanley, Falkland Islands, the ship Deacon came in sight, and the master offered to take off the crew, but this was refused. A squall then sprang up, and as the crippled vessel was being buffeted about it was sighted by a salvage steamer and taken into Montevideo, after having been 133 days out from the Tyne.

Sir Frederick's Prescription.

The King of England's famous surgeon, Sir Frederick Treves, has this to say to the rising generation. It comes from one who knows:

"Boys, don't bother about genius, and don't worry about being clever. Trust rather to hard work, perseverance and determination. The best motto for a long march is: 'Don't grumble, Plug on.' You hold your fortuneV..8..a Ot....f ve cmfwy cmf future in your own hands. Never waver in this belief. Don't swagger. The boy who swaggers like the man who swaggers, has little else that he can do. He is a cheap-jack crying his own paltry wares. It is the empty tin that rattles most. Be honest, be loyal, be kind. Remember that the hardest thing to acquire is the faculty of being unselfish. As a quality it is one of the finest attributes of manliness. Love the sea, the ringing beach, and the open down. Keep clean body and mind."

The Careful Japanese.

It was noticed recently at Gibraltar that numbers of Japanese sailors, many with breasts covered with war medals, when on shore leave carried with them water bottles. Presumably this was in order that the men should not run any risk of contracting water borne disease by drinking on shore water which for all they know to the contrary may be impure. It is a little detail, but it shows how keenly alive the Japanese are to the practical application of preventive hygiene.—Argonaut.

The Reason

Easterner—A London policeman arrests on an average no more than nine persons in a year. A Parisian arrests twenty-eight.

Westerner—Pshaw! That's nothing to the number a Chicago policeman arrests in a year!

"Of course; but you must remember that comparatively few Chicago people go to London and Paris in a year!"—Yonkers Statesman.

Suffer No More—There are thousands who live miserable lives because dyspepsia dulls the faculties and shadows existence with the cloud of depression. One way to dispel the vapors that beset the victims of this disorder is to order them a course of Parmelee's Vegetable Pills, which are among the best vegetable pills known, being easy to take and are most efficacious in their action. A trial of them will prove this.

The father's peroration was superb.

"'And departing, leave behind you,' he concluded, 'footprints on the sands of——'"

But here the son rudely interrupted.

"Footprints?" he sneered. "Who wants to leave footprints?"

"Then what would you leave, m boy?" the old man inquired.

"Tracks of my 90-horsepower racer, to be sure. Am I a dog or a workingman that I should leave mere footprints?"—Pittsburg Leader.

Minard's Liniment Cures Colds, etc.

Miss Blue—Father, did you give that young man any encouragement when he called to ask for my hand?

Colonel Blue — Encouragement! Well, I should say so. I helped him to whisky three times.—Pick-Me-Up.

Britishers Are Growing.

That the British head is shrinking and the British muscles are degenerating, as recently charged by certain scientists, was refuted by evidence introduced at the meeting of the British Association of Leicester. Records for the last twenty years at Marlborough College show that the fourteen-year-old boys there average five pounds heavier and nearly an inch taller than those of 1885.

A hatter who furnishes hats for six schools, vouches that hats of 21 1-2 inches circumference formerly were rarely demanded, while now hats 22 1-2 inches in circumference are needed continuously.

Sir Victor Horsley proposed a motion at the meeting, urging the Government to institute in connection with the medical inspection of school children, a system of periodic measurements.

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New Alberta Court

TRIBUNAL OF APPEAL FOR PROVINCE HELD FIRST SESSION.

JUSTICE BECK TOOK HIS SEAT.

Edmonton, Alta., Oct. 10th.—One of the most memorable events in the history of the province of Alberta took place on Tuesday, when the newly-appointed court for the province sat for the first time. The old court of appeal for the north-west territories has passed away, and each province has now her own court of appeal. There was a large attendance of the local Bar, and a considerable number of the public, ladies predominating, were also present. Besides, this being the first sitting of the new court, the occasion had a particular significance for the citizens of Edmonton, as the former city solicitor, N. D. Beck, K.C., was to take his seat on the bench as Mr. Justice Beck.

It was a very few minutes after 10 o'clock when the five judges filed into court. Chief Justice Sifton presided, and on his right sat Justice Scott and Justice Stuart, and on his left Justice Harvey and Justice Beck.

Record Oat Yield.

Saskatoon, Sask., Oct. 11th.—D. Sutherland, of Dana, the other day threshed 3,100 bushels of oats from 32 acres. This about 92 bushels to the acre, and no doubt constitutes a record.

Original Poetry

HE KNOWS MY AIM !

I sit here fondly dreaming
Of what I would attain in this life.
Of aiming toward life's high ambitions
Which only come thro' toil and strife.
Of blossoms in life's garden fair
Which God intends for me,
Yet in my weakness I have failed
Some of His richest plants to see,
But praise His name
He knows my aim
And bears me charity.

When across my path He threw
An opportunity
To plant good seed and water it
Though in obscurity
'Twas grasped in eagerness for Him
And blessed by His kind hand.
Then pleasure came and marred the work
Which God Himself had planned.
But praise His name
He knew my aim
And bore me charity.

My deaf ears may fail to hear
God's voice whene'er it cries,
And my blind eyes may fail to see
His blessings in disguise:
But when God's word thro' darkness shines
A searchlight for my soul,
Oh! may my life completely be
A power in His control.
For praise His name
He knows my aim
And bears me charity.

Then when eternity is mine
And this fair earth is done,
When I shall see Him face to face,
Life's greatest victory won,
I know that in His mercy
His grace He will bestow,
And crown me with His glory
His boundless love to show.
For praise His name
He knows my aim
And bears me charity.

E. L. CALDWELL.

The new Taber Orchestra made their debut at the dance in the Mormon meeting-house on Friday night. The orchestra is composed of W. Coombs (piano), Messrs. Merrick and Schofield (violins), F. Johnson (clarionet) and T. Depew (cornet). Everyone who was at the dance speaks laudably of their performance.

How He Got Even.

During civil war times Gilman Fay, a local character known by all as Gil, being in need of groceries and household necessities, went to the general store in Fayville, kept at that time by Colonel Dexter Fay, to make his purchases. The amount was 68 cents, and Mr. Fay tendered the clerk a one dollar bill. Change being scarce in the store, as was often the case during these strenuous times, the clerk passed him some slips of paper with figures on them to equal the amount of change due. Gil looked at the slip, then at the clerk, and slowly said. "What's all this?" "Why, that is what we are giving for change now. When you get one dollar's worth, we will redeem them," replied the clerk, and Gil went out. A day or two after this occurrence Gil went to the store again for some tobacco. The clerk passed out the plug, and Gil put his hand in his pocket, pulled out a handful of pumpkin seeds and handed them to the clerk, saying: "These are what I am using for change now. When you get a dollar's worth, I will redeem them."—Boston Herald.

A Bluff With a Cork Leg.

"Cork legs are not bad in their way," said the man who had one. "Some people are rather sensitive about theirs, but I'm not. I even have a little fun with it sometimes. I was in the smoker of a railroad train the other day talking with three other men while we puffed away at our cigars when the conversation turned on stoicism. Every man had an incident to relate about some acquaintance's remarkable ability to bear extreme pain without a murmur. When the third man had finished his yarn I mentioned casually that I rather prided myself on my ability to put up with a good deal of pain without making a squeal. 'To illustrate,' I said, and then opened my penknife and slowly forced the point of its long, keen blade into my leg just above the knee, at the same time smiling pleasantly. One man fainted, another became deathly pale, and the third got up and hastily left the car."—New York Press

Stories of Brahms.

Many stories are told of how the composer Brahms treated pianists and singers who were eager to get his criticism. If one of these aspirants for his favor was fortunate enough to find him at home and be received, Brahms' first concern was to seat himself on the lid of his piano, a position from which he rightly deemed few would have the temerity to oust him. If this failed, he had recourse to the statement that the instrument was out of tune. "Oh, that does not matter," remarked one courageous individual. "Perhaps not to you, but it does to me," replied the master. On one occasion he was just leaving his house when a long haired youth, with a bundle of music under his arm, hailed him with, "Can you tell me where Dr. Brahms lives?" "Certainly," answered the master in the most amiable manner, "in this house, up three flights." And, so saying, he hurried away.

The Treacherous Lioness.

"Lionesses are far more dangerous than lions," said an animal trainer. "Their tempers are more uncertain. They are more treacherous. They are more wily. If a lion is in a bad humor, he shows it. He growls and snarls and lashes his sides. You know what is in the wind and prepare accordingly. But a lioness in a bad humor is as affectionate as a girl. She brushes, purring, against your leg, and she minds you with the joyous alacrity of a good fox terrier. Then, as soon as your back is turned, whiz—a yellow streak shoots through the air, and you are on your back, and she is at your throat. With all the cat tribe it is the same. Whenever you hear of a trainer mauled or mangled, be sure it was a female, not a male, cat that did the deed."

Greenland's Glaciers.

Nearly all the Greenland glaciers and tongues from the internal ice cap terminate in vertical faces from 100 to 1,000 feet high, presenting facilities for investigation. The vertical faces reveal pronounced stratification on the basal ice, even earth materials in the bases carried by the ice being arranged in layers. Fine laminations were seen twelve or twenty to an inch. The layers are sometimes twisted and contorted and even "shoved" over each other. The glacier movement at the ice border is a foot per day to a foot per week.

Force of Example.

"Talk about the instinct of the lower orders! I built a little two story house for our parrot not long ago, and the very next morning after I put her in it she looked out of the window and greeted me in a very profane fashion."

"Why should she do that?"

"Complaining about the house, I fancy."

"But why should she swear at you?"

"Took me for the janitor, no doubt."—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His First Love Affair.

Mrs. Rose—Did your husband ever have more than one love affair? Mrs. Pose—Oh, only one, I believe! Mrs. Rose—And that was when he fell in love with you? Mrs. Pose—Oh, dear, no!. He had fallen in love with himself long before he had met me.

Women In Medicine.

First Lady Doctor—He is sleeping now and is certainly recovering. He proposed to me this morning. Second Lady Doctor—Indeed! He was probably delirious.—Boston Transcript.

A coward never forgave; it is not his nature.—French Proverb.

Andrew Jackson's Education.

During each winter for two or three years after he had reached the age of seven Andrew Jackson was sent to the old field school of a Mr. Branch. After this he attended the select school which a Presbyterian preacher, the Rev. Dr. David Humphreys, taught in the Waxhaw settlement. He appears to have been going to this higher school in the spring of 1780, when the inroad of Tarleton created a panic in that portion of the Carolinas. At some later period of his youth he is said to have attended the old Queen college or seminary at Charlotte a couple of terms, but the time is not definitely known.

As to education, therefore, it may be safely stated that Andrew Jackson enjoyed much more than the ordinary advantage of a backwoods boy of his time. At the age of ten he had become so good a reader that he was often chosen to read the newspaper to the assembled neighbors, and he remembered with pride in after years that he had thus had the honor of "reading out loud" the Declaration of Independence upon its arrival in the Waxhaws. For a lad of ten this was, indeed, something to remember with honest pride.—Thomas E. Watson in Watson's Jeffersonian Magazine.

Caustic.

Recently a wearied looking little mother, carrying a small baby, boarded a street car and took a seat next to two men who were earnestly engaged in conversation. Neither of the men was very handsome, and it must have required considerable nerve on their part to hand out their photographs among their friends unless the pictures had been previously retouched with sandpaper. In a few minutes the baby began to cry with a reliable yelp that could be heard above the din of the street babble for half a block, and, with a grouchy glance at the youngster, one of the men arose and peevishly remarked to his pal:

"I think we had better sit over here, Jim."

This ungallant act plainly embarrassed the little mother, but she was equal to the occasion.

"It won't do a bit of good to change your seats, gentlemen," said she in a finely sarcastic voice. "The baby can see you quite as plainly over there as he could here."

A Dying Glass.

In the glass collection at the Museum of Art in Dresden, Germany, there is a large-drinking cup which stands apart from all other art objects under a heavy glass cover. It is of Dutch workmanship, and the inscriptions and style show that it was made early in the eighteenth century. The vessel is remarkable because it is known in the museum, says a Berlin paper, "as having consumption which can be communicated to other objects of glass. On that account it is isolated. There are remedies against this glass disease, which is usually developed because of defects in the glass mixture, but these have not been applied to the Dutch vessel in order that the progress of the wasting disease may be observed."

A Big Calculation In Water.

The ocean, sea and lake surface of our planet is estimated at something like 145,000,000 square miles, with an average depth of 12,000 feet, and is calculated to contain not less than 3,270,600,000,000,000 tons of water. The rivers of the earth are estimated to have a flow sufficient to cover thirty-six cubic miles of the above area each day. Now, if all the oceans were suddenly dried and the rivers could keep up their present rate of flow, which, of course, they could not without ocean evaporation, it would take 3,500 years to refill the basin.

Companionship of Books.

Will you go and gossip with your housemaid or your stable boy when you may talk with kings and queens, while this eternal court is open to you, with its society wide as the world, multitudinous as its days, the chosen and the mighty of every place and time? Into that you may enter always, in that you may take fellowship and rank according to your wish. From that, once entered into it, you can never be outcast but by your own fault.—John Ruskin.

Mislaid the Pudding.

Dinner was late, but when the mistress started to make a mild remonstrance the new maid was on time with her excuse.

"Sure," she said, with an irresistible Irish smile as she placed the soup on the table, "sure, I mislaid the pudding, and there I was hunting the house for it, and where would it be afther all but in the oven!"

Shopping.

There is nothing finer for the temper than a new hat, no balm for hurt feelings like a fresh gewgaw. Ordering new frocks takes a woman out of herself. Cut a woman off her shopping and the result may be disastrous.—London World.

The Polish He Needed.

"I stopped down the street," said the man who prided himself on being blunt, "to get a polish on my shoes."

"Don't you think," asked his sarcastic companion, "that you began at the wrong end?"—Baltimore American.

As Usual.

Friend—You took your son into your establishment some months ago to teach him the business, I understand. How did it turn out?—Business Man (wearily)—Great success. He's teaching me now.—Chicago Journal.

A man is never so on trial as in the moment of excessive good fortune.—Wallace.

Dehorning a Rhinoceros.

A rhinoceros which lived in the London zoo was troubled by its horn, which grew down in front of its mouth, so that only with difficulty could it eat or drink. To save its life the keeper decided on amputation. The horn of a rhinoceros is not a horn at all, but an accumulation of hair and skin which has hardened and become cemented together by some gummy substance. The owner of this one had a very touchy temper and was not easily approached. Its keeper, however, decided to try what he could do. For some days it required all his skill to persuade the beast to come to the front of the cage and put its horn through. Then for some days he stroked the horn, much to the animal's disgust at first, although later it seemed to like it. When it found he meant no harm it let him take the horn in his left hand and then with the right imitate the motion of a saw across it. When this had been done some time and the rhinoceros no longer minded it, a piece of wood was held in the right hand, and at last, when even this no longer worried the animal, a real saw was brought in and the horn cut off without the slightest remonstrance from the owner of it.

Outcome Always Same.

A Philadelphian was praising for his learning and uprightness the late Judge M. Russell Thayer. He quoted the moving passage from Judge Thayer's will, "Owing to the fact that almost my entire life has been passed in the public service of the United States and of the state of Pennsylvania, I have but a small estate to leave to my dear children and wife."

"Judge Thayer," he continued, "was a very honorable man. First as a lawyer, afterward as a judge, he treated all with whom he had dealings with the greatest fairness. Once, years ago, after he had served me well in a difficult case, I remonstrated with him about the smallness of his fee.

"'Well,' he said, smiling and smelling the flower in his buttonhole, 'I, you know, am not that type of lawyer whose client once said:

"'"I never was entirely ruined but twice—once when I lost a lawsuit and once when I gained one."'"—Washington Star.

A Terrible Punishment.

A man suspected of treason in Morocco was punished by having the flesh of his hand sliced, the wound filled with salt and the whole hand sewed up in leather. It is a common belief that this punishment causes mortification to set in and that the hand decomposes but such is not the case, for by the time the leather wears off the hand is healed, the result being that the hand is rendered useless and remains closed forever. It is a punishment not often in use, but is sometimes done in cases of murder or constant theft, as, without in any way injuring the health of the man, it prevents his committing the crime a second time or for the hundredth time, as the case may be. It is a punishment that cannot be applied except by the sultan's orders.—Blackwood's Magazine.

A Fairly Big Fish.

Paddy had been telling the story of a big pike he caught, too big to get into the boat, so that he had to be towed behind (with the gaff in it, it must be understood). Then followed this dialogue: "What weight, Paddy?" "Divvil a know I know, but he was an ojous baste." "Was that the biggest you ever saw, Paddy?" Then Paddy gave a description of the biggest he ever saw. "What weight, Paddy?" "Sorra a bit I know. He was a terror." "How big, Paddy?" "Sure, I can't tell to a foot or two, but a man could walk down his throat." On this incredulity, but Paddy "clinched the matter and silenced all controversy" by adding, "Wid his hat on."—Angler's Evenings.

Emergency Foods.

According to Dr. Robert Hutchinson of London, if at any time meat is not available, bread, sugar and eggs will make "a very respectable support for the body." Sugar is an exceedingly valuable article of food as a source of energy, the unfortunate thing about it being that it contains no nitrogenous matter. Bread, however, does contain some; hence it balances up well when combined with sugar. In times of scarcity of food bread and molasses is not a half bad diet—at least it can be relied on to keep the body up to a fair state of efficiency.

Women as Walkers.

Even the athletic girls and women of today can hardly make any advance upon the record of Mary Lamb, who wrote to Miss Wordsworth (both women being between fifty and sixty years old); "You say you can walk fifteen miles with ease. That is exactly my stint." She then speaks pityingly of a delicate woman who could accomplish "only four or five miles every third or fourth day, keeping very quiet between."

Manhattan Island.

Indians who accepted $24 from Governor Peter Minuit for Manhattan Island in 1626 did not make such a bad bargain, for if they had invested that sum of money at compound interest at the prevailing rates since then their heirs would now have $12,000,000,000.

Keeping Pace With the Service.

Patron (angrily) — Bring me some lunch. Restaurant Waiter—But you've already ordered a breakfast, sir! Patron—Yes, but it was breakfast time then.

Courage!

If you get a job the first day you look for it don't be discouraged. You may lose it Saturday.—Atlanta Journal.

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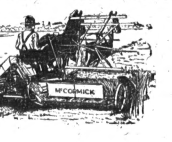

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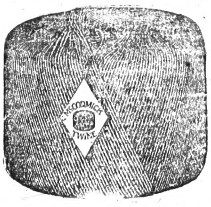

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